Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 21, 1953 TWENTY CENTS

Six Experts Discuss

THE SECOND SEX

Ralph E. Lapp, author of "The New Force."

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Turn back the clock 500 years

MARK TWAIN once said: "England's beauty is made up of very simple details—just grass and trees, and roads and hedges, and churches and castles. And over it all a mellow dream haze of history." To prove his point, we submit the village of Kersey in Suffolk, just as it looked in Twain's time. The "mellow dream haze" is here, and everywhere in Britain. At every stop, history turns back the clock for you, five centuries here . . . seven there . . . ten there. Go west to Wales, and stride the ramparts of Conway Castle, a fortress that was built for King Edward I in 1285. Cross over to Northern Ireland and stand in the ruins of Greyabbey in County Down, founded 700 years ago by Affrica, daughter of Godred, King of Man. Visit Stirling, gateway to the romantic Scottish Highlands. This is where Mary was crowned Queen of Scots at the tender age of eight months. But that is *modern* history; Stirling was a prize captured by the Romans in 82 A. D. In Britain, entire villages are antiques and around the bend of every road stand the heirlooms of the ages. "Now that I have sampled the globe," added Mark Twain, "I am not in doubt — *that beauty which is England's alone has no duplicate.*" See your Travel Agent and Come to Britain now.

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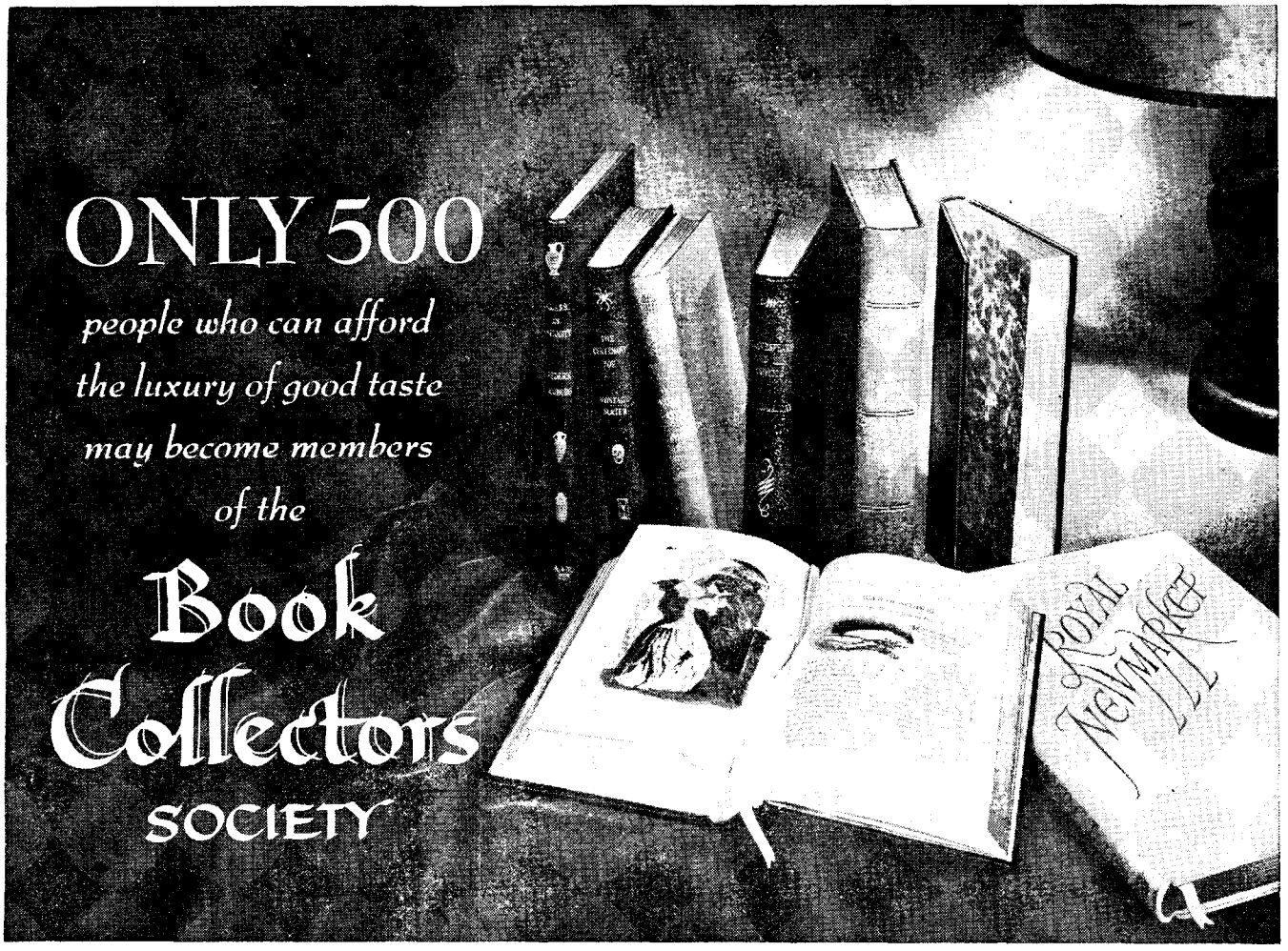

The idea for the Society came from a small group of connoisseurs in England desirous of possessing exquisitely bound library treasures which might be handed down through the generations along with rare furnishings, paintings and other cherished heirlooms.

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 21, 1953

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

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Good News

▶ In Egypt farmers are learning our dustbowl reclamation techniques, with the prospect of turning some three million acres of desert into fertile grazing ground. In Burma a 500-bed hospital and a medical college are under construction. In Ecuador the potato crop has been increased six-fold through improved chemical controls. In Libya a school has been opened to teach plumbing, electrical work, and other technical skills. In Panama thirty-nine new harvesting combines have increased rice production to a point where the country may soon be self-sufficient in this important food product. In India a village development project which aims at raising the living standards of one hundred million peasants is well on its way.

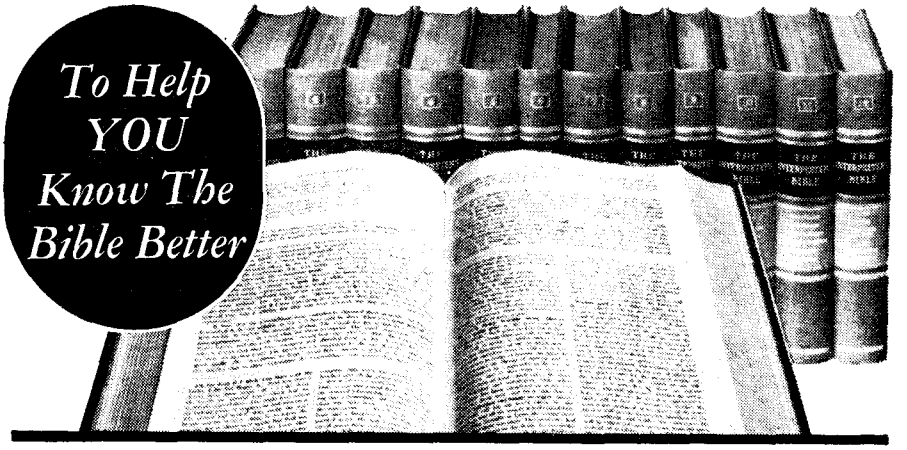
These are a few of the heartening dividends beginning to show up on the Point Four balance sheet. In general the program has been well administered. Individual projects have been carefully regulated and budgets closely supervised. With few exceptions, Point Four experts have been cordially received abroad and have proven to be potent ambassadors of American good will.

It is also good news that *The New York Times*—from which the above facts are gleaned—lavished a front-page headline and two full pages of text on an evaluation of the Point Four program.

▶ The first modern Korean translation of the Bible has now been printed. An edition of 100,000 copies recently came off the presses in Tokyo and will be distributed to orphanages, prisoner-of-war camps, hospitals, and about one hundred bookstores where it will be sold. Printed in Hankul, the new written form of the Korean language, the Bible is the first translation of the Old and New Testaments that can be read by all literate Koreans.

▶ Aromas ordinarily lost in making fruit preserves can now be captured and returned to the preserves to enhance their fruit flavor, thanks to a new process developed by engineers at the Department of Agriculture research laboratory in Philadelphia. The new method has already been adapted for commercial use in cooperation with a preserve manufacturer.

▶ Twenty-six million members of twenty women's organizations in the U. S. have presented Ambassador Ernest A. Gross with a statement supporting the U. N. "as a means of strengthening world peace and freedom."



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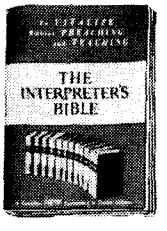

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Matthew Arnold might have been talking of the publishing philosophy which inspired Mentor Books in his famous passage on *The Social Idea:*

"Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses . . .

"Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party . . .

"I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely—nourished, and not bound by them.

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TRADE Winds

IDLE IN THE DESERT

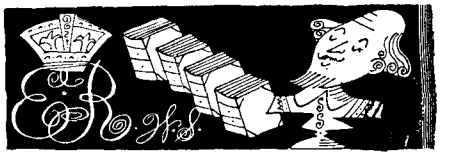
La Quinta, Calif.

BETTY FURNESS, the darling of Westinghouse, recently spent a week as the guest of Ann and Charles Lederer in Beverly Hills. Mr. L. decided he was hungry just before going to bed one night and went downstairs to pillage some food. He found that Miss Furness had had a similar notion and was standing in front of an open refrigerator in the kitchen. Charlie blinked a couple of times and exclaimed, "I could have sworn I'd turned that television set off!". . . . One of the film colony's dizzier blondes hosted a big cocktail party, and hired an extra girl to help serve. "Now remember," cautioned the blonde, "there'll be nothing but big shots present, so be careful you don't spill anything." "Trust me, dearie," soothed the extra girl. "I won't say a word." . . . . A cerise-colored Cadillac convertible, piloted by a young man with curly blond hair, beige pants, a lavender shirt, and a flaming red cravat was stopped at the corner of Wilshire Boulevard and La Brea by a pop-eyed motorcycle cop. The driver angrily shrilled, "What's wrong, officer? I've been driving most carefully." "I know," said the cop. "I just wanted to hear you talk."

THE SON of a mighty film potentate was sent to a very progressive primary school, with the natural result that at the age of nine he couldn't solve the simplest problems in arithmetic. A teacher tried to reduce one problem to everyday terms for him. "Let's say," she proposed, "that you have six dollars in your pocket. You give me three. Now, how much have you got left?" The film potentate's son looked at her coldly and demanded, "Why the hell should I give you three dollars?"

FATHER TOM KELLY, who fled the icy blasts of Northern Minnesota to bask in the desert sun a while, told me the story of the little Protestant girl of five whose constant playmate was a Catholic boy of the same age who lived a mile or so away. One afternoon the two kids came in drenched to the skin from a flash thunderstorm, and the girl's mother, without further ado, stripped them and dumped them into a hot tub together. In due course the Catholic lad was sent off to his home, whereupon the little girl told her mother happily, "This has been a big day for me. At last I understand the difference between Catholics and Protestants!". . . . That brought to mind Jack Cominsky's account of a New Year's Eve meeting between the late Catholic Bishop J. Francis O'Hearn of the Rochester diocese and the late Adolph Ochs of *The New York Times*. "I'm a bit baffled," admitted Mr. Ochs. "At this time of year I always conclude an interview with, 'May your tribe increase and multiply.' But what am I going to say to *you*?". . . . Father Kelly couldn't understand my impatience for the Palm Springs Book Shop to receive its stock of Thomas Merton's new book, "The Sign of Jonas," until I explained that Merton, like myself, was once an editor of Columbia's humorous magazine, *The Jester*. Anybody who had wanted to bet then that he'd end up as a Trappist monk probably could have gotten odds of about ten thousand to one.

IN THE MAIL. . . . Sir Francis Meynell, founder and inspiration of the famous Nonesuch Press in London, has re-acquired the title from George Macy and, without giving up his present important post with the English Cement and Concrete Association, plans to resume publishing activities on a modest scale. First will come a new, four-volume



Coronation Edition of Shakespeare, to be followed by three or four less ambitious undertakings each year . . . . John Dos Passos is changing publishers. His new novel, concerned with the problems of a creative artist in America today, and due early in 1954, will bear the imprint of Prentice-Hall. . . . Ken Giniger, of Hawthorn Books, looking over the catalogue of a rare-book dealer in Cambridge, Mass., found listed two copies of the autobiography of Calvin Coolidge. One, the limited and signed edition, was a presentation copy from the President to Ernest Hemingway. The catalogue curtly describes it as "uncut." The second copy, just the trade edition, was inscribed by Coolidge to Thomas Wolfe. The price of the first copy is $12.50, and the second $10. . . . Do you remember the story of the time the

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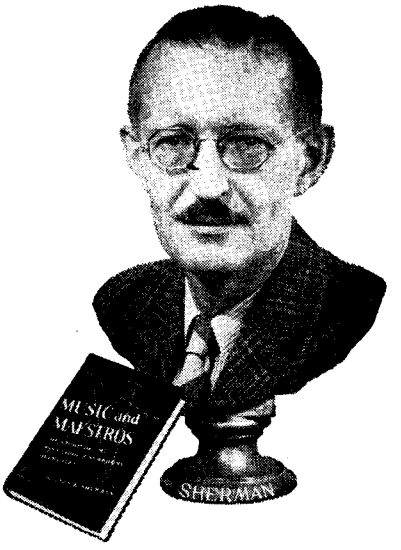

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POOR CEDRIC'S ALMANAC by Cedric Adams, famed "In This Corner" columnist of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune ($3.50, Doubleday & Company). A catch-all of fact, fancy and foolery culled from the best-read local newspaper column in the land.

SOUTH OF FREEDOM by Carl T. Rowan, Sidney Hillman Award winning reporter of the Minneapolis Morning Tribune ($3.50, Alfred A. Knopf). The absorbing personal report of an ace Negro journalist who returned to his native South to make a 6,000-mile tour and describe the life and problems of living faced today by others of his race.

CITY by Clifford D. Simak, news editor of the Minneapolis Star ($2.75, Gnome Press). A science-fiction story of a world 10,000 years in the future, by an imaginative newsman who has published four novels and contributed many articles to science magazines.

ECONOMICS FOR YOU AND ME by Arthur Upgren, editorial consultant and economics authority of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune ($3.75,Macmillan & Co.). A crisp and crystal-clear explanation of a much-misunderstood science written for the layman and his spouse by an economist whose refreshing theories on the saving, spending and borrowing of money have earned him wide publicity.

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48 HOURS ! !

Quite recently (within the past weeks) an author sent in some three or four stories. I saw book possibilities in this material and sent it to a prominent book publisher, with the recommendation that he consider it along those lines. The publisher in turn sent some of the stories to an outstanding Digest magazine, and this Digest publication agreed that if the balance of the material was in harmony with samples submitted, they would publish a digest of the book.

Contract was made for this book!

The second case involved a journalist who had submitted material for tv programs. At this time a New York publisher came along who wanted an authoritative writer to aid him in preparing a book script on a subject very much before the American public today.

With the knowledge of the type of work that this writer could turn out, I brought them together. In the midst of the conference it occurred to me that the basic idea of the journalist's tv scripts would make a marvellous book.

I literally "threw" the idea upon the table for discussion, with the net result that 48 hours later we had a contract for the book, based upon the tv programs in our possession, and upon other material submitted by this particular writer.

It is interesting to note that the publisher in question made this comment: "You are the only agency that has come up with ideas, not just manuscripts."

An astute agent will do more than simply present manuscripts in routine fashion. He will recognize hidden talent in the writer, and in doing so create for him the opportunity to use it! Proof is in the above two cases!

Can we be of help to you? Contact us! Mention the Saturday Review.

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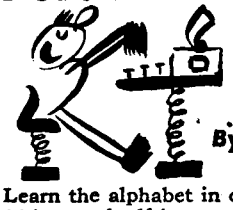

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artist Whistler sent a hostess a copy of his "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," inscribed, "With the compliments of James McNeill Whistler"? A few days later he was outraged to discover the volume for sale at a second-hand dealer's. He bought it and sent it back to the hostess, adding to the original inscription, "With renewed compliments of James McNeill Whistler.". . . .

RAY WASHBURNE REPORTS from Williamstown that Sinclair Lewis's Thorvale Farm has been taken over by the Carmelites. He also tells of a student who wanted a book for a sick classmate. Ray suggested a copy of Justice Bill Douglas's "Beyond the High Himalayas." "Nothing doing," said the student. "He isn't $5 worth of sick!". . . . Anita Heffner, who at Bamburger's in Newark back in 1947 was probably the youngest book buyer in the country, is going to have a first addition of her own late in May. Meanwhile book salesmen who still remember her tenderly can find her at Thalhimer's in Richmond.

ANYBODY WHO DOESN'T THINK the State of Kansas was a tough, rootin'-tootin' hunk of territory when buckaroos like Harry Maule and Fred Babcock were sowing their prairie oats might glance at this report from the Kansas State

Historical Society of an item copied verbatim from official records:

"Sunday, October 23, 1870, on Chapman Creek, Andrew McConnell *shot and killed John Shea.* Warrants for the arrest of McConnell, and an accomplice, named Miles, were given to Marshal Smith to serve. McConnell, informed that he was under arrest, promptly *shot and killed Marshal Smith.* The murderers secured the horses of Smith and his deputy McDonald and galloped off but, while McDonald went to arouse the neighbors, the murderers returned to the spot and with an axe *severed Smith's head from the body.* For these crimes McConnell and Miles, when apprehended, *served fourteen years in the penitentiary.*"

To show you how times have changed, what do you think Kansans are celebrating at this very moment? National Sauerkraut and Frankfurter Week!

ASKED TO USE THE WORD "paradox" in a sentence, little Pulsifer Boles, of South Bend, came up with, "On our farm we've got four chickens, six geese, and a paradox.". . . . There was a kid, too, in Mr. Burch's class in P. S. 10, Manhattan, who when asked to give a sentence containing the word "bewitches" promptly produced "I'll bewitches in a minute.". . . . When rotund, self-indulgent King Farouk hotfooted it out of Egypt, and took refuge abroad with only a couple of hundred million and his half-finished memoirs left to his name, a wit on the *News* commented, "There's one king who could abdicate and eat it, too.". . . . An alert editress at *Reader's Digest* had cause to recall her senior year in a co-ed college when she spotted this paragraph in "Sizing Up People" by Donald and Eleanor Laird: "There is usually a temporary rise in I.Q. at the time of puberty. This occurs earlier in girls than in boys, and gives girls more intelligence than boys during their early teen years. But in another year or so the boys catch up with the girls, and from then on it is *neck and neck.*" . . . . Charles Lee vows that he saw a movie on TV that was of such ancient vintage it showed Great Britain lending money to America. Mr. Lee's new bride, incidentally, is a vision of loveliness. Charles brought her over from Philadelphia when he came to Random House to ask Robert Haas about the early days of the Book-of-the-Month Club, but found it impossible to keep Mr. Haas's mind on his work until a thoughtful partner volunteered to show Mrs. Lee other parts of the premises.

THERE'S NEVER a dull moment at the home of the BOMC's founder, Harry Scherman, and his wife, Bernardine. This wonderfully unspoiled and unpredictable couple summoned *Life* editor Maitland Edey and other old friends to a poker game recently, where Mait suddenly discovered a piece of string tied to the rickety museum piece on which he was seated. "Thanks for calling it to my attention," said Bernardine. "I tied it to the chair about a month ago to remind me it must be repaired. It's likely to splinter into a hundred pieces any minute."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 986)

PHILIP WYLIE:

OPUS TWENTY-ONE

She was a lank, vapid woman with a toadstool's complexion, a chin like a fist, and hair tormented into little knobs, as if she absent-mindedly had cooked it rather than coiffed it, and burned it in the process—lumpy, burned hair—and a voice like claws.

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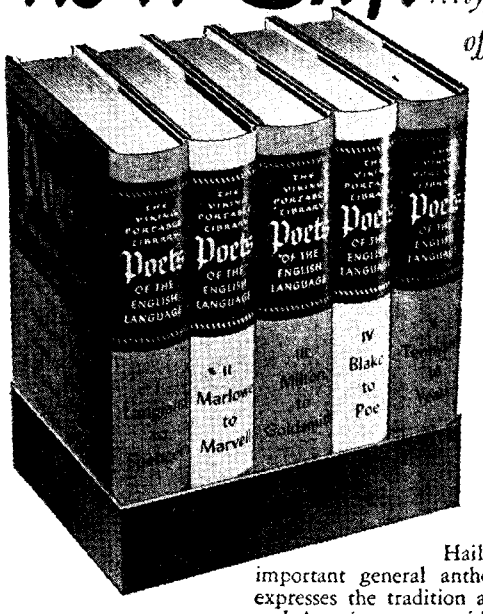

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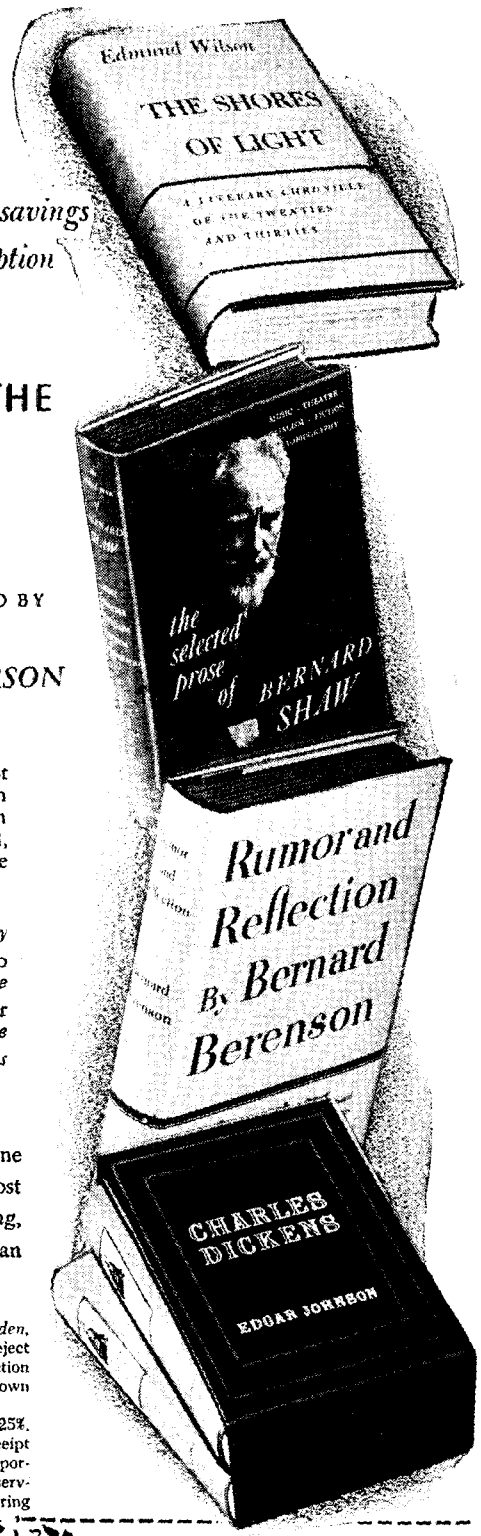
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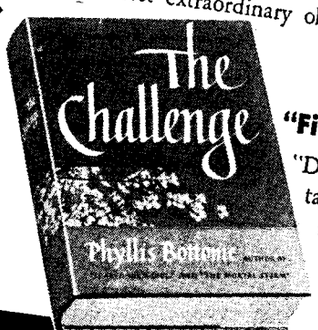

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The Saturday Review

Is Freedom Really Necessary?

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

H. S. Commager

"I SOMETIMES think that when folks talk about things they've begun to lose them already," says Stark Young's Hugh McGehee to his son after an evening of Southern rodomontade. It would be an exaggeration to say that we have begun to lose liberty in America, but it is sobering that there should be so much talk about it, just as it is sobering that there should be so much talk about Americanism and about loyalty. It was a happier time when these things could be taken for granted instead of being soiled and worn by every sunshine patriot eager for cheap applause. Nor is much of the talk itself reassuring. Liberty is enlisted in strange armies, pressed into service for curious causes, and as we listen to some of the arguments for censorship or exclusion or suppression, all in the name of liberty, we are reminded irresistibly of Madame Roland's cry on the scaffold, "Liberty, what crimes are done in thy name."

Nor is the difficulty wholly with those who, in a sort of vindication of Orwell's "1984," invoke liberty for oppression. Some of the difficulty comes from well-intentioned idealists who are content with familiar formulas, or who would interpret liberty as wholly a personal and individual affair—a matter of abstract principle rather than of conduct, of private rights rather than of general social responsibilities.

When we consider civil and political liberties we must avoid the pleasant illusions of abstractions and get down to cases. We must look to the meaning of our freedoms in their present-day context, and in their operation. And when we do this we must remember what Harold Laski so insistently urged upon us (in "Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time") that rights and liberties do not mean the same thing to all of us:

> The rule of law is a principle with a fairly long history behind it. And if the burden of that history has one outstanding lesson it is that, over the social process as a whole, the rule of law is only equally applied as between persons . . . whose claim on the state power is broadly recognized as equal. The rule of law is not an automatic principle of action which operates indifferently as to time and place and the persons to whom, as judges, its application is entrusted. It is very likely to be one thing for a Negro in Georgia and another thing for a white man in Georgia.

The function of freedom—let us say of the guarantee of due process or of the right to vote—for the Negro and the white in the South is one very obvious example of why we have to look to the operation of the principle rather than to its mere formulation. Others occur readily enough: the difference in guarantees of freedom to white and to Oriental during the World War II, for example, or the different treatment of the vagrant and the respectable citizen, or that difference in the attitude towards corporate crime and individual crime which Professor Sutherland has explored in his study of "White Collar Crime."

WE must recognize, too, at the outset that there are two very broad categories of violations of liberty: the political and the non-political, or perhaps we should say the official and the unofficial. Only the first has received adequate attention—invasion of personal rights by Federal or state governments or by some administrative body. These are the impairments of liberty that are dramatized in the press and challenged in the courts—a flag salute law, a segregation law, a white primary law, the censorship of a film, or the administrative seizure of an industry. Yet the second category of invasion and impairment, the unofficial, is more widespread and more effective than the first. It is invasion by social or community pressure, by the pressure of public opinion or of public customs and habits—the kind of invasions that Tocqueville described and warned against over a century ago. It is very difficult to get at this by law. Fair Employment Practice Acts may prevent a Negro or a Jew from getting fired for racial reasons, but they will not go far towards getting him a job in the first place. A teacher who has been guilty

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Henry Steele Commager, professor of history at Columbia University and author of many books, based this article on a discussion by the American Round Table, a continuing inquiry sponsored by the Advertising Council and the Ford Foundation.

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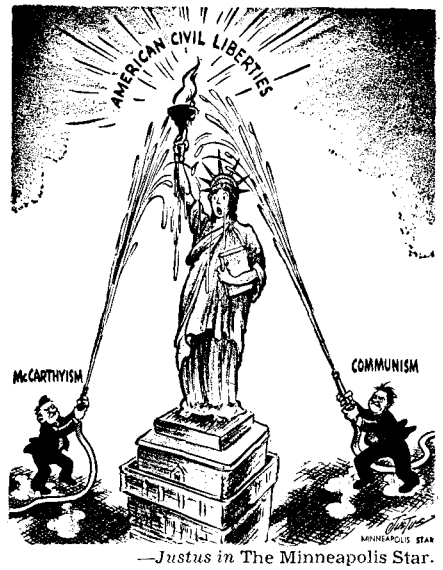
of dangerous thoughts can take a broken contract to court, but she cannot deal with community pressure that makes it advisable for her to move on, nor can she force other school boards to give her a job. We have only to read Norman Cousins's description [*SR* May 3, 1952] of the interplay of social and economic pressures in Peoria, Illinois, to realize how enormously effective these are and how difficult it is to do anything about them. As John Stuart Mill observed a century ago, "The immense mass of mankind are, in regard to their usages, in a state of social slavery; each man being bound under heavy penalties to conform to the standard of life common to his own class."

Our basic freedoms, in short, are not as basic as we like to think, just as our passion for individualism is not as passionate as we suppose. If we content ourselves with abstractions we may go seriously astray; as Professor Denis Brogan has remarked in his recent book on revolutions, the American claim to—and hope for—a special place in the affections of Asian peoples is frustrated by the elementary fact that of all the powers of the world "America is the most color conscious." We may believe that our words, that is, our principles, represent us more truly even than our actions, but to outsiders it is the actions that are more eloquent than the words.

Now it will be granted at once that our traditional liberties are not absolute—not in a mathematical sense, anyway. All of them are qualified by the rights of society, or of the state. There are limits on liberty, as there are limits on authority. The broad principle of those limits is generally recognized and accepted; no liberties may be exercised so as to injure others, or injure the community.

Needless to say, this does not get us very far. That liberty is not absolute is one of those truisms that is almost always brought out and put to work whenever somebody wants to censor a book or a film that he doesn't like, or to throw a teacher or a librarian or a radio performer out of his job. Actually it is worth stating only as an introduction to the real problems. How do we determine the limits on liberty and the rights and interests of the community? And who are the "we" who determine? It is easy to fall back on the generalization that the freedom of the individual must not be used to injure the community, and easy enough to say that in the last analysis it is society which determines. But these vague answers are of no practical help. To draw the line between the exercise of freedom and the limitations on freedom is one of the most delicate tasks of statesmanship and philosophy. And the power of drawing the line is one of the most complex and sobering exercises of political authority.

It is in the drawing of lines, the setting of boundaries, the fixing of limits, the reconciliation of claims that the problems rise. Look where we will, in our own society we will find that problems of freedom or of rights revolve around this matter of fixing limits and drawing lines. Thus in the conflicting claims of a free press and a responsible press, or of freedom and license in the press. Thus in the conflicting claims of liberty and security in diplomacy, or in science. Thus in the conflicting claims of artistic freedom and of the protection of the morals of the community, or of religious freedom and protection against



—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Two-alarm Fire."

blasphemy or the stirring up of religious hatreds. Thus in the conflicting claims of the right to public entertainment and the right to privacy. Thus in the conflicting claims of the right to private organization and the interest of society in protecting itself against dangerous organizations. Thus in the conflicting claims of conscience—let us say of conscientious objectors to military service or a flag salute—and of national defense or of patriotism. Thus in the conflicting claims of academic freedom and of the right of democracy to determine what should be taught in its schools—and how.

Now we have been using the word "conflicting" all along. But is not the conflict exaggerated, and have we searched intensively enough for the reconciliation? We must keep ever in mind that the community has a primary interest in the rights of the individual, and the individual a primary interest in the welfare of the community of which he is a part. The community cannot prosper without permitting, nay encouraging, the far-reaching exercise of individual freedom: the individual cannot be safe without permitting, nay supporting, the far-reaching exercise of authority by the state.

THERE is, in short, too much emphasis on independence and not enough on interdependence; too much emphasis on division and not enough on unity. Actually it is only to the superficial view that there is any genuine conflict between liberty and security, for example, or between academic freedom and social freedom.

For what is clear on closer examination is that we cannot have any one of these alleged goods without the other. There is no real choice between freedom and security. Only those societies that actively encourage freedom—that encourage, for example, scientific and scholarly research, the questioning of scientific and social orthodoxies and the discovery of new truths—only such societies can hope to solve the problems that assail them and preserve their security. The experience of Nazi Germany is all but conclusive on this (we are still required to wait until all the returns are in from Russia, but it is a reasonable prophecy that Russia will fall behind on scientific and social research just as Germany did). A nation that silences or intimidates original minds is left only with unoriginal minds and cannot hope to hold its own in the competition of peace or of war. As John Stuart Mill said in that essay on Liberty to which we cannot too often repair, "A state which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, . . . will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished."

It is probable that other alleged alternatives so vehemently urged upon us are equally fictitious. Take, for example, the matter of the claims of "academic freedom" and of a society concerned with the teaching of truth—as is every sound society. Clearly there is no genuine conflict here. All but the most thoughtless or the most ignorant know that unless education is free the minds of the next generation will be enslaved. Even in American Legion halls it is probably a bust of Socrates that stands in the niche—Socrates who was condemned because he was a corruptor of youth—rather than of those forgotten members of the tribunal who put him to death. We have always known that academic freedom, like other freedoms, was subject to abuse, but we have known too (up to now, in any event) that the

(*Continued on page* 42)

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Beyond the Power Limit

HARRISON BROWN

THE Atomic Age is now ten years old. The children who were born at the time of the tragedies of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are now approaching their eighth birthday. Time blurs memories of our past and wishful thinking obscures the unsavory possibilities of the future. Only eight years ago, atomic bombs made another war difficult to contemplate. But today, so conditioned have we become to the nightmare world in which we live, we are taking atomic bombs for granted. In so doing, we are dreaming dreams that cannot be—we are dreaming the dreams of men who have cast off the world of reality and replaced it with a vision of a world which simply does not exist.

During the past eight years many books have been written about atomic energy and atomic bombs. Now another has appeared, written by a man who was associated with the atomic endeavors during the war, who worked in the Bikini trial and was later associated with the War Department General Staff as a scientific advisor. "The New Force"* is a good book, well written and packed with information. In particular, Ralph E. Lapp has done an excellent job (and unquestionably a difficult one) piecing together the story of what has been happening in the atomic energy field since the war. The conclusion is fairly summed up by Stewart Alsop in his introduction to the book: ". . . the real balance of power is now determined more by atomic energy than by any other single factor." Mr. Alsop neglects, however, to tell us what is meant by "balance of power" in a world in which two major nations are swimming in syrups of uranium and plutonium.

Mr. Lapp starts his story with highly readable accounts of the atomic developments during the war, of the bitter fight in Washington over legislation in the early postwar years, and of the formation of the Atomic Energy Commission. Since 1947, the Diffusion Plant at Oak Ridge has been greatly expanded. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been authorized for the construction of a new Oak Ridge near Paducah, Kentucky. A combination plutonium-tritium plant is under construction in South Carolina. Another diffusion plant is being built near Portsmouth, Ohio. The facilities at Hanford have been greatly expanded.

What does all of this mean in terms of dollars and bombs? Mr. Lapp says: "Before long the nation will have invested almost ten billion dollars in its Atomic Energy program and it will have five separate sites which contain more than one billion dollars worth of capital installation . . . All of this program has been aimed at producing tons of U-235 and Pu-239 for use in atomic explosives . . ." Concerning numbers of bombs, Mr. Lapp says: "No reader would want me to spell out quantitatively how large the A-bomb stockpile is. Nor would I think of revealing such a figure even though the late Senator McMahon stated that a foreign power could estimate it fairly accurately within 15 per cent. However, to orient the reader I can indicate that the stockpile must be numbered in the thousands of A-bombs. Moreover, when our enormous and far-flung grid of atomic facilities is completed and in full operation, the goal of a ten thousand A-bomb stockpile should be in sight."

Mr. Lapp discusses in considerable detail some of the current thinking concerning the role of atomic weapons in warfare atomic artillery, small atomic bombs for field use, atomic powered submarines, ever larger and more efficient bombs for use against cities, and hydrogen bombs. He emphasizes an extremely important aspect of these developments which has been emphasized before, but should be emphasized again and again: In relation to the cost of other techniques of waging war, atomic bombs are inexpensive. The temptation will become irresistible to rely upon atomic weapons for security—with

* THE NEW FORCE. By Ralph E. Lapp. New York: Harper & Bros. 238 pp. $3.

Harrison Brown, a nuclear physicist on the faculty of the California Institute of Technology, is the author of "Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?"

THE AUTHOR: Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, a scientist who was pretty deeply involved with the atom during the war and postwar years, left the Federal laboratories a couple of years ago to go into private business. Business is brisk. "Never spent a penny for advertising, either," Lapp noted in Washington the other day. Lapp's business is the Nuclear Science Service, an organization he set up as a consultant to industry. When there isn't much consulting to be done, which isn't often, Lapp lectures, and when there isn't much lecturing to be done, which isn't often, either, Lapp writes. "The New Force" is his third book, the others being "Must We Hide?," about the atom, and "Nuclear Radiation Physics," a textbook. There have also been magazine articles. Lapp is thirty-five. In one capacity or another, Lapp, a Ph.D. in nuclear physics (University of Chicago), has been connected with the atom ever since he was twenty-five, when he joined the Manhattan Project. He has been, among other things, assistant director of the Argonne National Laboratory, scientific adviser to the War Department General Staff, and head of the Nuclear Physics Branch of the Office of Naval Research. Further, being a veteran of two cosmic ray expeditions in the Rockies, he led the scientific group at both A-bomb tests at Bikini in 1946. The fact that he left the Government prompted his nuclear associates to call him "the one free physicist." "I think you can see from the contents of the book," Lapp said, "that I have written candidly. Were I in the AEC or the Defense Department, this book could not have been written, or, at least, not published. Yet I felt the book had to be written." Lapp also commented on "the atom's shroud"—"I feel very strongly about cutting this away"; on atomic education in colleges—"students are just as poorly informed as laymen"; on Mr. Truman's doubt about whether the Russians have an A-bomb— "we should be worrying about whether they have an *H-bomb*"; and on the war vs. the peace atom—"the choice is there for man to make." "One thing seems clear," Lapp summed up. "Never before has the final outcome of a war been so predictable—there will be no winner even though one may emerge under the assumption he is the victor."

—BERNARD KALB.

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the result that eventually no nation will be in a position to wage a major war in any other way. How pleasant to be able to arm to the teeth with only modest financial inconvenience!

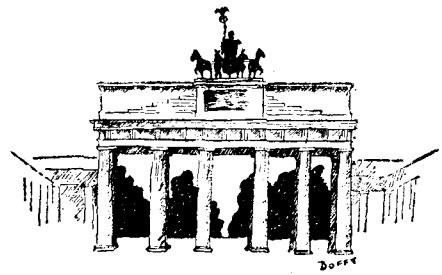
Mr. Lapp attempts to ease our minds somewhat by painting a glowing picture of the so-called "peaceful aspects" of atomic energy. But such discussions always leave me rather cold. To be sure, at some future time uranium and thorium might be very important to us as industrial energy sources. But our needs for atomic power are in the future. Atomic bombs and human idiocy are in the present.

As I read Mr. Lapp's book, my thoughts went back to 1946 when scientists were painting a picture of what might happen in the future unless all nations brought some imagination to bear on the problem of world organization and international control. But little imagination has been brought to bear either by the East or by the West, with the result that the atomic arms race that was predicted is now with us. The next step is the atomic war, which cannot be averted unless by some miracle the nations of the world in their pursuit of an elusive security apply as much boldness and imagination to the task of creating a peaceful world as they now apply to the task of producing ever more efficient weapons of destruction.

Politics & Bedlam

HITLER: A Study in Tyranny. By Alan Bullock. New York: Harper & Bros. 776 pp. $6.

By William L. Shirer



LESS than eight years after the suicide of Adolf Hitler we have in this book by Alan Bullock a biography of the demoniac German dictator which will long remain, I believe, the definitive and standard work on the subject.

It may lack the passion and sweep of Konrad Heiden's unforgettable picture of Hitler's early years in "Der Fuehrer," but Heiden's account ends with the blood purge of June 30, 1934 —five years before Hitler launched his war to conquer Europe. Trevor-Roper's "The Last Days of Hitler" gives a more detailed and exciting rendering of the final chapter in the story.

But no other historian, to my knowledge, has given us the full-length portrait—from birth to death, from beginning to end. That such an absorbing and authoritative biography of Hitler should appear so soon is due not only to Mr. Bullock's talents as a historian and writer but—as he readily acknowledges—to the fact that immediately after the war a great part of the secret archives of the German State fell into the hands of the Allies and was made immediately available to scholars. This stroke of luck was a godsend to historians—previously they had had to wait decades for such comparable material—and Mr. Bullock, a young Oxford historian and former broadcaster for the BBC has made the most of it.

He has not attempted in this book to write a history of Germany or a study of the Nazi totalitarian state, and some critics in England, where the work appeared last fall, have argued that this is a regrettable shortcoming. I doubt it. For in over 700 pages packed with biographical data and with footnotes establishing their authenticity, the author manages to sketch in an immense amount of background which gives the reader a very clear and accurate picture of the weird Germanic world in which the obscure and mentally twisted house-painter came in time to wield a power unprecedented in the history of the Reich.

Mr. Bullock, for instance, recognizes that it was Hitler's Austrian origins which form the key to understanding both the man and his actions. Most of Hitler's warped ideas and attitudes were acquired during his vagabond days in Vienna. It was there he conceived his hatred of the Jews, of the Czechs, of the Marxists, and there was kindled his passion for the reunion of all Germans in a Greater Germany. It was there, too, that the idea dawned upon him of a political party of the masses that would be nationalist, socialist, and racist. Of Hitler's formative years the author writes with fine understanding.

He realizes, too, that "Nazism was not some terrible accident which fell upon the German people out of a blue sky. It was rooted in their history." And he disposes once for all of the absurd idea, rather common in America, that Hitler was the pawn of the sinister interests who held real power in Germany.

"This view," he writes, "does not survive examination of the evidence. Hitler acknowledged no masters, and by 1938 at least he exercised arbitrary rule over Germany to a degree rarely,

William L. Shirer, one-time foreign correspondent in Berlin, is the author of "Berlin Diary" and other books.

Unfinished End of the World

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

SOMETHING terrible and good was there,
Trees leaned away from it with fearful
boughs,
White houses hid from its presence everywhere,
And all tame meadows wrinkled by old plows.

It was as though someone had left a door
Open on holy uncompleted things,
From that creating chaos there would pour
Hourly waste beauty and wild wings.

Birds flew from that unfinished end of the world,
Unbroken to the economies of earth,
Too sharp for trees were the pinions they uncurled,
Too much like sorrow were their cries of mirth.

Winds, the only lawless creatures left,
Came from the undetermined power there,
They leaned upon the land their godlike heft
And troubled with gods' voices the high air.

That wistful, blue and wilful empty place
Was where the only gods this late could be;
All trees, all houses, minds of men, all space
Leaned away from it. It was the sea.

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if ever, equalled in a modern industrialized State."

It is at this crucial date—1938—that the author pauses in his swiftly paced narrative to present a portrait of the German Fuehrer as a human being on the eve of his greatest triumphs. It is devastating, fascinating, and probably as complete and accurate as we are likely to have for a long time.

Actually, Hitler's private life was not very interesting. But since little of it has been made public, Mr. Bullock endeavors to fill in the gap. He tells of the two women in Hitler's life: Geli Raubal, his niece, whom he apparently deeply loved, and who was found dead in the Fuehrer's Munich apartment on September 18, 1931—probably a suicide; and Eva Braun, an empty-headed blonde, who subsequently became his mistress, though they were rarely together, and whom he married twenty-four hours before they both ended their life in the bunker in Berlin on the afternoon of April 30, 1945.

Eva Braun had no influence whatsoever on Hitler. Mr. Bullock doubts whether Hitler, absorbed in the dream of his own greatness, ever had the capacity to love anyone deeply, with the possible exception of his niece. He had no friends, though he did share a certain sense of comradeship with the Nazi Old Guard, most of whom had come up from the gutter.

"Hitler," the author emphasizes, "was no fool. . . . His originality lay not in his ideas, but in the terrifyingly literal way in which he set to work to translate fantasy into reality."

There was, too, his lust for power, his craving to dominate, his burning sense of a historical mission given to him by God, his uncanny gift for taking advantage of his opponents' weaknesses, his cunning, and his brutality.

Yet success such as no German had ever achieved in history was in the end fatal. "When half Europe lay at his feet and all need of restraint was removed," he writes, "Hitler abandoned himself entirely to megalomania. He became convinced of his own infallibility . . . If ever a man was destroyed by the image he had created it was Adolf Hitler."

The tyrant, finally, was destroyed. But did he not drag Europe down with him? Mr. Bullock thinks he did. "Europe may rise again," he writes in the final paragraph of this epic biography, "but the old Europe of the years between 1789, the year of the French Revolution, and 1939, the year of Hitler's War, has gone forever—and the last figure in its history is that of Adolf Hitler, the architect of its ruin. 'If you seek his monument, look around.'"

The Red Dog's Angry Tail

TITO. By Vladimir Dedijer. New York: Simon & Schuster. 443 pp. $5.

By Henry C. Wolfe

JUNE 28 looms large in modern Yugoslav history. It was on June 28, 1914, in Sarajevo that a nineteen-year-old Serbian shot the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, thus igniting the fuse that detonated World War I. Thirty-four years to the day after the cataclysmic assassination, Marshal Tito's feud with Stalin came into the open. The result was a shift in the balance of power that favored the West.

This volume is the first to give Tito's full version of his spectacular break with the Kremlin. Vladimir Dedijer, the author, has been called Tito's Harry Hopkins. Needless to say, straight down the line this is history as Tito would have it written. As his official statement of the case, it has peculiar significance. In some ways it is an extraordinary volume. Sensational, revealing, at once naive and sophisticated, it affords unique close-ups of Tito, Stalin, and other key actors in the Communist melodrama being played in Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union. What Dedijer has turned out is not an objective, balanced study, but it is something that historians can go to work on.

Born Josip Broz in May 1892, the Yugoslav dictator began his adventurous life in the Croatian village of Kumrovec. By turns a restaurant employee, locksmith, metal worker, and conscript in the Austro-Hungarian army, he was wounded and captured by the Russians. In 1917 he witnessed the Bolshevik revolution. Returning to Yugoslavia, he joined the Communists and served prison terms as a revolutionary. In the course of official visits to Moscow and other party centers, he was given increasingly important assignments. By the time Hitler attacked Russia, Tito had built up a strong Yugoslav Communist organization. And after the Allies backed him against Chetnik leader Mihailovic, he emerged victorious in Yugoslavia.

Although he says his "whole being rebelled" at what he saw in the USSR, Tito gave complete loyalty to Stalin. At the same time he endeavored to be master in his own sphere, Yugoslavia. Had Stalin not vetoed this course and tried to go over Tito's head for control of Yugoslavia, Tito would undoubtedly be ranged against the West today.

On the second of the fateful June 28's, a revolution started inside the monolithic Soviet empire. At first Tito

—Acme.

Tito in 1944 "whole being rebelled."

hoped to maintain an independent position between the East and the West. But Stalin would have none of that. The master of the Kremlin apparently believed that he could destroy the Yugoslav "deviationist, diversionist, and lackey of capitalism" by calling on the Yugoslav Communists to rise against him. "That Stalin miscalculated the situation in Yugoslavia was also greatly the fault of the NKVD," Tito explains. "These men did not dare tell him anything about Yugoslavia except what they thought would please him." That Stalin can miscalculate so badly is both reassuring and alarming for the West.

Some rather low comedy is furnished by the Moscow radio. Author Dedijer, it rages, is the illegitimate son of an American and, worse, a relative of former President Truman. That ought to explain everything in the book to all good Stalinists.

When I was in Budapest in August 1948, Tito's pictures were still pasted on many walls along the streets. All of them had been defaced by Stalin's Hungarian satraps. Since then a long line of Communist officials in the puppet nations have been executed on the charge of "Titoism." Quite obviously Stalin fears Tito's influence inside the Soviet empire. On at least this front of the cold war, Stalin does not hold the initiative. Chalk that up to June 28th.

Henry C. Wolfe, in his work as a free-lance journalist, has known Yugoslavia for three decades. In 1937, he was decorated by the Yugoslav Government with the Order of St. Sava.

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—From "Symbols, Signs and Signets."

Asia's Banging Door

FIVE GENTLEMEN OF JAPAN. By Frank Gibney, New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 384 *pp.* $4.

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

HERE is a thoughtful, charmingly written, well-balanced interpretation of Japan, with especial emphasis upon the recent years. It seeks to understand and explain the contradictions in the Japanese character of which we heard much during the recent war. On the one hand, the Japanese are courteous, honest, sensitive, lovers of beauty, and loyal in their friendships and their family relations. Moreover, they accommodated themselves smilingly to the Occupation, although it was an experience unprecedented in their history. On the other hand, during their years of war with China and then with the United Nations, they were callously cruel, brutal, ruthless, and fanatically courageous. How is this paradox to be explained? What bearing does it have upon the present situation in Japan, the nature and the permanence of the democratization undertaken by the Americans during their years of control, and the future of Japan and of her relations with the United States and with Communism? It is questions such as these to which Mr. Gibney has addressed himself.

The device used is skilful and is the clue to the title. He has taken five individuals who may be considered typical of several of the outstanding strands in Japanese life and has shown the fashion in which they have been played upon by the forces, old and new, which have shaped the nation and its culture. One is the present Emperor. Another is an intellectual who is now on the staff of a metropolitan newspaper. Another has had the rank and title of admiral but has been chiefly engaged in the manufacture of munitions and armaments. A fourth is a laborer in a steel plant who came to it from a rural district and is a leader among his fellows. The fifth is a farmer, one of the outstanding men in his village.

After introducing these men, the author goes back and sketches in broad strokes the history of Japan and the forces which created the culture that shaped them and the web which has conditioned their ways of acting and thinking. The survey of the pre-Perry centuries is rapid but admirably done. The tempo becomes slower when the changes introduced by the advent of Perry are reached. Here the Japan of the latter part of the nineteenth century and of the twentieth century before the invasion of China is described. The five individuals are now woven into the patter, for all of them were born and some of them came to maturity during that era. Even more space is given to the war in China, the attempt to achieve Greater East Asia, the ensuing war with the United States, the exhaustion, the defeat, and the American occupation. Here the five individuals loom more prominently, and have been so selected that they illustrate the major aspects of those years. We see, for example, what has happened to the imperial institution, something of the new constitution and its framing, and the influence of Communism—adroitly drawn by having one of the five subjected to the Russian's attempt at indoctrination as a prisoner-of-war. Then the distribution of land, which the author believes may be one of the most salutary and lasting contributions of the American regime. The current situation is also pictured, but the book will have value long after that stage has passed into history. Mr. Gibney is uncertain as to how much and precisely which of the changes brought by MacArthur and those associated with him will endure. He is doubtful of any very great Communist influence. The historic web of Japanese culture, which shapes the millions who live under it, is as yet too strong to be destroyed. It is flexible, but in its main features persistent.

"Five Gentlemen of Japan" is singularly objective. It is sympathetic with the Japanese, but is not blind to the distinctive features which we, with our background, deem weaknesses. For instance, the author regards a basic historic defect as religious, since there is only a vague conception of God and no strong conviction of sin and guilt. Yet the author does not obtrude this, but keeps it in balance. Nor is he either laudatory or denunciatory of the American achievement.

If this reviewer may venture two comments, comments which are by the way of supplement and emphasis and not of criticism, they are these. One is that Japanese characteristics are simply human nature lived under a particular cultural heritage. The same paradoxical contrasts are seen everywhere, whether in Japan, whether among other peoples of the "Orient" or of the "Occident." The other is that certain basic features of Japan have endured through all the vicissitudes of the centuries, sometimes strengthened rather than weakened by the impact of forces from abroad. Among them are the imperial institution, Shintoism, militarism, and the tradition that the real rulers are those who have the greatest force, but that they exercise their power without sweeping aside inherited patterns. It may well be so again.

If the busy American can find time to read only one book on Japan, this is the one it should be.

Kenneth Scott Latourette is Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History in Yale University.

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Master of Real Fiction

OTIS E. FELLOWS

ANDRÉ GIDE, an avid reader and early admirer of Georges Simenon, once called him "perhaps the greatest and most truly novelistic novelist in French literature today." Although the statement may be interpreted in a number of ways, we know that for Gide, a novel's primary function is to give life to what is possible rather than to reproduce reality. And, indeed, critics have noted that Simenon has so developed his natural gifts as a storyteller that his world of fiction often conjures up a sense of reality which, while seeming a true image of the world around us, becomes more convincing to the reader than everyday reality itself. As favorable comment during the past decade has multiplied on both sides of the Atlantic, "Simenon authenticity and conviction" has almost become a byword.

The two novels recently translated and now published in one volume under the inclusive title of "Satan's Children"* are genuine Simenon. A decade separates their composition: "I Take This Woman" was written in 1938, and "Four Days in a Lifetime" just ten years later. But precisely because they are genuine Simenon, they have much in common. Each reveals the author as a writer with a keen insight into human motivation, a masterful talent for depicting atmosphere and oddities of personality, and a faculty for telling stories that grip the attention. When the final page has been reached, the reflective reader is only too aware of the concentrated tensions and pressures to which he has been subjected and the psychological complexities through which he has so swiftly passed. It is then that, more leisurely, he will want to retrace in his mind the drama that Simenon has unfolded.

The mode of procedure to which Simenon most often returns is suggestive of French classical tragedy. Racine, it will be recalled, was prone to ring up the curtain on an imminent crisis which had been slowly forming for days, months, years.

So it is with "I Take This Woman." François Donge, a dynamically successful businessman, has been married to the exquisitely lovely, sedately reserved Bébé for ten years. They have a son of eight, a sensitive child deeply attached to his mother. The in-laws are present and, following luncheon, coffee is served in the garden. "Not the slightest intimation of poisoning. It is the usual family Sunday afternoon with all its sumptuous emptiness and its immense stretches of silence which each one, sunk in his easy chair, travelled in his own way. And the one who was the first to open his mouth seemed to be the first to arrive from an uneventful journey."

It was François's coffee alone that contained the arsenic. . . . During his painful convalescence and the days preceding the noncommittal Bébé's trial for attempted murder, François delves again and again into his past and hers for a clue to the psychological riddle of his wife's action. Only upon changing the original premise of his reasoning do the pieces of the puzzle fall together, giving new significance to each detail and to the whole. He has found the answer, but too late.

"Four Days in a Lifetime" also opens on a note of personal crisis. Never had meek and well-bred François Lecoin felt closer to his young son, Bob, than the moment when, poverty-stricken and unemployed, he learned that his wife had succumbed to a final operation. But never had he been so close to blind despair. With nothing to lose and a resourcefulness heretofore dormant, François turned to Renée, the calculating, lush wife of his wealthy brother. It was no longer question of a paltry dole received in humility. The stakes were far higher—and he won. This initial success led to still more lucrative ventures. In particular, as the publisher of a notorious scandal sheet, whose *raison d'être* was blackmail, he found he could offer his son and himself all the material advantages of life. Even the pert little prostitute, whom he had once coveted from afar, now enjoyed his exclusive protection. Within a day, however, fate closed in with a horror beyond his most painful imaginings and, by nightfall, all was irretrievably lost.

Georges Simenon—"concentrated tensions."

In both novels, the wealth of absorbing and pertinent detail, the convincing blend of atmosphere and character, as well as the skillful play of cause and effect evoke, momentarily at least, an impression of intensive reality more conclusive than any non-fictional world in all its actuality.

"Satan's Children" is authentic Simenon, but the pros and cons of whether it is top-drawer Simenon will be debated until—within a few months at most—a new work of the author demands the attention of critic and general reader alike. In the meantime, to have at least a partial understanding of how Simenon achieved the position he now holds in the eyes of many discerning critics, some idea of his development as a writer is necessary.

OF BRETON and Dutch origins, Georges Simenon was born in Liége, Belgium, on February 13, 1903. His father eked out a living for a family of four in an insurance agency. When the son was five, his mother began to take in students from the University of Liége in order to round out the family income. Most of these young people were foreigners, and Rumania, Poland, and Russia were particularly well represented. As a result, by the time he was twelve Simenon, already with ambitions as a writer, knew Gogol and Dostoievsky better than he did Balzac or Flaubert.

When he was sixteen his formal education at the Jesuit College of Saint-Servais ended abruptly with the death of his father. Almost immediately he became a reporter on the

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* *SATAN'S CHILDREN. By Georges Simenon. Translated by Louise Varèse. New York: Prentice-Hall. 298 pp. $3.95.*

Otis E. Fellows, associate professor of French at Columbia University, is the author of "French Opinion of Molière" and "The Periodical Press in Liberated Paris." Some of the material in this essay will appear in the introduction of his anthology of Simenon's short stories, "Tournants Dangereux," to be published shortly by Appleton-Century-Crofts.

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Liége *Gazette* and within a month had started writing a column which appeared for the next three years. At seventeen, with the publication of his first book, "Au Pont des Arches," he had become a novelist.

Simenon was twenty when he moved to Paris and embarked in earnest upon the first part of his remarkable writing career. Convinced that a novelist, like a painter, actor, or musician, must first become an artisan with a thorough command of his craft, he wrote within the next few years some two hundred *romans populaires* under seventeen pseudonyms. Though this mass of material was financially profitable, he considered it merely a preparation for a career as a serious man of letters. Before long he was inserting one chapter of real literary merit into each of these rapidly conceived novels.

In 1930, at the age of twenty-seven, he took another step toward literary self-realization when he wrote his first detective novels and created the character of that calmly perceptive French sleuth, Inspector Maigret, who was to become as famous on the Continent as Sherlock Holmes already was in Britain and America. In the field of detective fiction, Simenon continued to work out his own salvation as an author. Increasingly he applied his skill to the economical use of words, the brief but vivid description, and to the cohesion between characters and background. His stories were already taking on a marked psycho-

logical aspect as they focused more and more on character rather than action. Seen in this light, the transition from detective fiction, to which Simenon devoted three years of intensive writing, to the *roman d'atmosphère*, the psychological novel, novel of ideas, or simply "plain novel," as his subsequently predominant literary form has variously been called, was not so abrupt as has sometimes been stated.

In 1933, fulfilling his promise that at the age of thirty he would abandon the mystery novel to enter the literary field proper, he published, in *"Gens d'en Face,"* the first of a series of singularly gripping psychological studies. His mastery of psychological detail in "The Shadow Falls" (1937) deeply impressed the critics: his probing, relentless, lucid analysis of the disintegration of a French upper middle-class family suggested that here was a writer on the threshold of a significant contribution to modern literature. Though it was hailed almost immediately as his first great novel, Simenon prefers to see it simply as his first long one. In the author's terminology, it is a *roman-chronique*, or family chronicle, encompassing the lives and dramas of a relatively large number of characters, whereas he feels his natural bent lies in concentrating on one or two principal characters depicted in moments of sharp crisis. This fictional form he has designated as the *roman-crise*, and it was brilliantly realized in 1938 in "L'Homme qui Regardait Passer les Trains." The concept was apparent in his novels written in America, "Trois Chambres à Manhattan" (1946) and even more successfully carried out in "Act of Passion" (1947). "The Snow Was Black" and "The Heart of a Man" continued to reveal the magnetic intensity with which he etched the psychological contours of a character in a critical phase of his life's drama.

Simenon has long made a practice of traveling extensively and living in many parts of the globe. A born observer, he has undeniably profited from this desire to know the whole world and its peoples. All manner of settings have thus been provided for his novels. But more important, his varied existence has afforded many opportunities to study the detailed manifestations of human nature.

On the other hand, Simenon has always held that if an author follows his characters through, and if they are human, they will create the plot themselves. In fact, he tells us, it is the novelist's task to re-create a world every bit as real as our everyday world; and it is even more important that he re-create men more human than those we rub elbows with.

This view was given fuller expression when, in 1943, he contributed to a symposium on the novel in the French periodical, *Confluences*. There he foresaw the genre evolving toward *le roman pur*, the novel shorn of all that can be depicted through such media as the cinema, radio, and magazines. Thus conceived, the novel would be reduced to its primal elements.

Critics have of late dwelt on the fact that his stories have a fascination which is difficult to define. It is again Gide to whom we may turn for at least a partial answer. The following entry appears in his "Journal" for January 13, 1948:

"Simenon's subjects often have a profound psychological and ethical interest, but insufficiently indicated, as if he were not aware of their importance himself, or as if he expected the reader to catch a hint. This is what attracts and holds me in him. He writes for the 'vast public' to be sure, but delicate and refined readers find something for them too as soon as they deign to take him seriously. He makes one reflect; and this is close to being the height of art; how superior he is in this to those heavy novelists who do not spare us a single commentary! Simenon sets forth a particular fact, perhaps of general interest; but he is careful not to generalize: that is up to the reader."

This appreciation was written three years before Gide's death. Much critical comment appearing since reveals that readers of discernment are reaching the same conclusions in their evaluation of Simenon's contribution to the modern novel.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT No. 505

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 505 will be found in the next issue.

PANTER PEW NOW THIS

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OPDICNN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 504

An ounce of performance is worth more than a pound of preachment. —ELBERT HUBBARD.

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'Tween-Lost Folk

HEYDAY. By W. M. Spackman. New York: Ballantine Books. 212 pp. Clothbound, $1.50. Paperbound, 35¢.

By James Kelly

SKIPPING the uprooted generation of the warring Forties and the lost generation of the tumultuous Twenties, Mr. Spackman aims his first novel at the lonely generation of the vulnerable Thirties. A member of the Princeton class of 1927, he freely admits, in a publisher's quote, that there is quite a parallel between the intent of "Heyday" and Fitzgerald's "Babylon Revisited," which had a vintage ten years earlier. It is, he says "the spiritual biography of a generation, a statement about American values, an elegy upon the immemorial loneliness of man, a statement about the young American upper class in that era of its disaster, the 1930's." Pretty large claims for this nostalgic and single-minded chronicle of Greenwich Village sex-capades, featuring nubile ivy-leaguers whose hearts belonged to Eighth Street even during side-trips to Paris, France, and Coatesville, Pa. Regrettably, therefore, one must judge "Heyday" by how close it comes to the author's elaborate intentions, which is not very.

Webb Fletcher, the narrator and omnipresent total-recaller of "Heyday," begins to think about the past when news reaches him at his wartime ONI desk that Mike Fletcher, cousin and Princeton '27 classmate, has been killed in the Coral Sea action. He had not known Mike very well, even though they had resembled each other in looks, behavior, and taste for the same women during terrible, desperate Depression years. And now Webb remembers a line from Ovid: "I shake at what you may do for I have done it all myself, and I am wrung with the expert terror of my own example." Using Mike as the touchstone, he returns in his mind to entwined campus memories, to misty, drunken adventures, and (inevitably) to the libidinous solace of Kitty, Stephanie, Jill, Barbara. How do you compose a suitable obituary for somebody like Mike, a shadowy hero who always rejected more than he accepted and never knew for sure what was offered? Webb has a try at it, anyhow, giving himself nearly equal billing.

By 1931, Webb is in New York after a hitch on the Paris *Herald* and idyllic "Tender is the Night" adventures with Barbara, afterward his wife. Mike, now an unemployed advertising man, and Webb, now transferred to *The Sun*, move in the same restless, partying group. When Barbara is sentenced to prison for seven years following an accident with her car, the two voluptuaries settle down to a geometric, sensuous pattern. With Stephanie, the ambitious business girl who possesses them both and eludes them both; with Kitty, the reluctant masochistic wanton who finally chooses Mike; with Jill, neglected wife who wants to give what nobody will take and finally finds a sure way out. Webb finally resolves his pattern in genuinely poignant scenes with Barbara, returned from prison and ready to begin again. For Mike, no answer until the Coral Sea. And Mike's obituary becomes at last an obituary of the shattered generation to which he belonged—a sobering reminder for the man who puts it together.

If Max Bodenheim, Scott Fitzgerald, and Ezra Pound had at one time pooled their forces (shocking thought) to write a definitive Depression Novel, the chances are it would have turned out something like this parodiable amalgam of classical allusions, large social observations, and explicit sexual vignettes. As a one-man tour de force, "Heyday" is remarkable. Mr. Spackman faithfully reports the bedroom habits of his characters, much as if he were an anthropologist invited to attend a Melanesian ceremonial. He expertly records colloquial talk and city sights. Lovingly, and with great attention to literary style, he weaves his material into dirge-like passages which are as full of dramatic posturings as a Greek chorus. It is not enough, though. His people have small significance beyond their assigned roles as erotic symbols. And the convoluted, thesaurus-haunted connective tissue of the story seldom advances beyond the beguiling designs of word embroidery.

W. M. Spackman—"beguiling designs."

Under the Mind

THE HATE MERCHANT. By Niven Busch. New York: Simon & Schuster. 338 pp. $3.95.

By Harrison Smith

THIS violent novel, as its title indicates, is based on the theory that if you are able to sell nothing else in this country, you can sell hate, especially if it is hate against Jews or Negroes. The central figure (it is impossible to describe him as a hero) has all that is necessary to gain a hearing as a rabble-rouser; a monstrous, sentimental egotist, he is over-sexed, tainted with sadism, has a brazen voice, and a gift for rude eloquence. He is, in fact, the most repulsive character in any recent novel.

Monsters like Gaspar D. Splane are trained early in life for their trade. He was handsome, in a way, with his thin mouth, big nose, bold protuberant eyes. He was a hairy, virile man, with thick eyebrows and brindled hair jutting out of his nostrils. Splane had tramped up and down the streets of cities and rural towns in the West with a sample case loaded with anything from "magic" dolls to fake nylons. He was a carnival man always looking for a sucker, an itinerant preacher of hell-fire who had spent a year or two in a fundamentalist seminary. When Senator Huey Long was riding roughshod over Louisiana, the Senator picked him as a henchman. Many of his pals on the Long bandwagon were ruined, jailed, or killed, but in the meantime Splane learned the trick of swaying audiences.

He was sick and down for the count when he ran across a family of itinerant evangelists. Soon he was Rev. Gaspar D. Splane representing Ma Kinderwell's Sunshine Mission, introducing her ingenious sermons as "the Microphone Messiah." He discovered one night that the racial issue aroused his audience to fury and that in wartime hatred of Semitic or colored people was a more powerful stimulant than Huey Long's attack on the rich man who owned more than one suit.

Soon his raucous voice was heard through the land; he became a rustic Hitler selling Fascism under the name of democracy and the American flag. He dropped Ma Kinderwell's Mission as an embarrassing encumbrance and found sponsors everywhere. During this stage of his meteoric career, Splane is a rough caricature of Gerald L. K. Smith, a certain Catholic priest, and a few dishonest spokesmen for isolationism. He was cursed by the newspapers, and magazine

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commentators called him Public Enemy Number One. His meetings were picketed by indignant citizens. He answered them on the platform, wearing a suit of prison stripes and spouting about "the Jew and the hireling press."

Finally he struck oil in Detroit. The city was having labor unemployment troubles and the unions of its immense industries were in an uproar about admitting Negroes. Management could use him to check the demand for higher wages. He was paid by both sides.

The time came, however, when the industries and the unions dropped him like a hot coal. Forbidden to use the huge auditorium of a high school, he planned his revenge, a mass meeting in Detroit's Belle Isle Park. The result was a hideous raid on the Negro slums in which scores of innocent people were killed. Splane's ultimate fate was to be employed by a South American dictator to praise the colored people of his republic.

On the evidence of the life and published speeches of Gerald L. K. Smith, there is little doubt that Gaspar Splane is drawn from that disciple of Huey Long who had once said, "I can only pray God in His infinite wisdom He will make me the greatest rabble-rouser in the United States." Niven Busch's readers can only pray that we may find a way to treat future hate merchants as traitors to our country. His novel is powerful, brutal and, perhaps unfortunately, fascinating.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A SHEAF OF OLD PLAYBILLS

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has devised a brief narrative which enshrines the titles of sixty-eight plays, none of particularly recent vintage, which she asks you to identify. Allowing 1.4706 points for each correct answer (names of authors are free), a score of 58.824 is good, 73.530 better, and 88.236 and up admirable. Answers on page 44.

It was merely the old story of two restless women, Salvation Nell, living on Angel Street, and the merry widow, heiress to Brewster's millions and fresh from the heart of Maryland, both having set their caps for the little minister.

One Sunday afternoon Nell and the minister had just settled down to a discussion of what price glory, and he was expounding his theories of redemption and the powers of darkness when enter Madame somewhat en dishabille but still looking like the bird of paradise.

This made Nell grumpy because, though she came from nice people at Sag Harbor, her father was just the butter and egg man there and her mother had been Bertha, the sewing-machine girl. So while spiritually she was comforted by the assurance that she was in Abraham's bosom she was also aware that the widow, the banker's daughter, considered her of common clay.

"If the truth were known," muttered Nell, "she's really the show-off sort, if not a Polly-with-a-past."

Now the little minister was not the fortune hunter type, but he was ripe for romance and he thought: "O, lady, lady, this one is diff'rent. You must watch your step. This is a chance that comes once in a lifetime."

He had heard, however, from the man from home that the widow was not a lily but, having followed the easiest way, had acquired a blot in the 'scutcheon. In the end he realized that he was on trial and after a brief moment for decision, knowing that he must turn to the right, he remained true to his loyalties. Moreover, he doubted whether, in the Christian manner, he could live in close harmony with the sinners and the lost sheep and concluded that a scarlet sister Mary might prove a less amenable wife than an angel in the house.

Had he chosen the widow he would have found himself Paris bound, that being the way of the world, but when last heard from at sun-up on Sunday the little minister and Salvation Nell were rolling along the road together hell bent fer heaven in the bishop's carriage.

Meanwhile, hearing the news in a garden on Quality Street, the widow, the unchastened woman, exclaimed: "The fool! It is to laugh! But after all he was not the choice of a superman. There is no occasion for the tyranny of tears. So let us be gay—always of course within the law. I'll take the yellow ticket across the great divide to the old homestead in Arizona and with good luck I may meet the bad man."

The Ocean's Wall

TO THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH. By Pamela Frankau. New York: Harper & Bros. 370 pp. $3.50.

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

MISS FRANKAU'S new novel begins like one of those brittle sketches of modern people in the modern manner, acid and superficial. It begins so swiftly that one hardly realizes that at once you are involved with characters rapidly turning into portraits. There is a touch of "The Hucksters" about the beginning and some of those icy Hollywood characteristics of novels like Budd Schulberg's, in which every young man is sleek and feverish for an unattainable success. The American cartoonist who stands out for me as the most brilliantly wrought figure of this brilliant and often penetrating book is a bit of a liar, an opportunist with a grinning, foxy look, and yet a consummate artist. Nobody has done such a figure better or more sympathetically.

The other characters are all English. You meet them first on a transatlantic liner, later at a great English country house. There is the dominant English newspaper tycoon, cut rather to the usual pattern of novelists' tycoons, and yet real because of the effect of his domination on his large English family of beautiful and strange young people. Then there is the beautiful Celia, embittered by her first marriage with a wastrel American, with whom our cartoonist has an affair almost immediately. Celia could have come straight out of the pages of an American fashion magazine. The collection of brothers and sisters could have come out of "The Constant Nymph," minus the constancy, or even from "Brideshead Revisited," minus the religion. They are an irritatingly superior family, speaking a cryptic family language which shuts out strangers. But they are made human by the fact of their domination by the slightly absurd, maddening tycoon-father.

With all that, this might be a novel cut to stereotypes, except that with every bite of her etching tool Miss Frankau more and more deeply reveals character and the clash of character. She handles like an accomplished juggler the tricky business of revealing every character by his effect on everyone else. With every page the characters emerge with greater and greater understanding and sympathy.

This is not merely a love story, although the romantic part of it deep-

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Pamela Frankau—"how deep a passion."

ens and grows into reality. Rather, as the jacket says, it is a study of characters presented at their highest moment of integration. The actual suspense and climax comes about through the unconscious rivalry of two artists, the American cartoonist, something of a genius, and the charming Englishman, admirable to the English because he is never anything but a gifted amateur.

The clash of character and the curious event that marks the climax betray, it seems to me, a curious unconscious prejudice against the American. The Englishman does him wrong, and in a curiously un-English way that is not, I think, thoroughly explained. Probably no English person would understand the curious taste of prejudice that is left in the mouth of an American reader by the fascinating denouement. It is as if none but Americans ever understand how deep a passion there is with us here for the thing, the art, done to perfection. It is that "Instinct of Workmanship" that Thorsten Veblen pointed out actuates us deeply and which even the author of this brilliant and diverting novel seems not clearly to comprehend.

Fiction Notes

LOST ITALIAN YOUTH: The story Dante Arfelli is telling in **"The Fifth Generation"** (translated by Adrienne Foulke for Scribner, $3), is the familiar one of two young men in the time immediately preceding and following World War II. One is without scruples, eager to go places, and not repulsed by sex. The other has occasional scruples, is undecided as to what to do, and is not repulsed by sex. The former gets what he wants; the latter has troubles.

Now that every point of the curve that goes from poet to thug has been fixed and plotted, the latest stories of Italy's lost generation are beginning to observe the law of diminishing returns. The field has been and is being exploited, and the quality of recent translation is making that point embarrassingly obvious. Yet compared with some of the potboilers that some Italian writers and American publishers have seen fit to throw on the market, this novel appears as something felt and, with all its banalities, something sincere.

I cannot help feeling, however, some annoyance—an annoyance for which the author is not responsible—at the present irritating tendency to palm off such ordinary novelizing as this as sociological observation or political reportage. This novel is no picture of contemporary Italian youth, much less that part of Italian youth which will take upon itself Italy's future, and is now disciplining itself for that responsibility. For them there is no time for a narcissistic concern of beautiful scarlet wounds, nor is their strength of will apparent exclusively in their pursuit of money and women. This novel is no more representative of today's Italy than Erskine Caldwell's novels are a faithful picture of the American South of the twentieth century. A far fetched comparison, but the time is coming when hyperbole is required. —SERGE HUGHES.

THE SIN OF PRIDE: Andrew Carnahan, protagonist of Leo Brady's second novel, **"Signs and Wonders"** (Dutton, $3), was a righteous man, a fact that started piling up spiritual troubles for him. He couldn't figure out why God should not reward his obvious piety, rightness, and good works with some sign of favor. Instead all he got was trouble. His daughter was in love with the Jewish owner of a motion-picture theatre which had shown a film that Andrew, as a Catholic, considered objectionable. One son was carrying on an adulterous affair. Another left the seminary on discovering that he did not have a true vocation to be a priest. Nobody seemed to understand him, or, more, appreciate him. Mr. Brady gets Andrew on the path of proper faith and humility by the end of his novel and he makes a number of obvious points about bigotry and the sin of pride along the way. As a novel, however, his work suffers from the hammer-like persistence with which he pounds home his theme.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

MAKING OF A TUNESMITH: Arnold Shaw, who reportedly knows considerable about the business of music writing, publishing, and promotion, has put his knowledge to work in the production of a novel. The result, **"The Money Song"** (Random House, $3) is another one of those brash, brisk, and by now banally predictable exposés of one of New York's so-called "glamor" industries. We've had the theatre, advertising, publishing, etc. Well, here's tin-pan alley or a reasonable facsimile thereof. As usual, we are supposed to get exercised over the development of a young and idealistic hero—here named Ken Sloan—into a worldly wise, but still principled and successful song writer. Mr. Shaw supplies, along with the usual plot involving regular doses of sex, a lot of information about the song-writing business. If that's your interest, you may get something out of his work. He also uses real names of persons and places which is, I suppose, one substitute for fictional credibility. It's not a good enough one. —E. J. F.

New Fiction

The books described below have just been published. In many instances they are reviewed in this issue or will be in forthcoming numbers.

THE BRACELET. By Beatrice Page. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. A retrospective look at sixty stormy years of Jane's life with father, husband, lover, and son. The scene is New England.

DEMELZA. By Winston Graham. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Continuing the chronicle begun in an earlier novel, "The Renegade," Mr. Graham depicts the lives of several characters, especially the husband-and-wife team of Demelza and Ross Poldark, in a Cornish mining town about the year 1788.

GENTLEMAN OF CHINA. By Robert Standish. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. Drawing on his long sojourns in the Orient for background, Mr. Standish this time lets his talents play on doings in Shanghai's underworld.

GOLDEN ADMIRAL. By F. Van Wyck Mason. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95. In this one Mr. Mason, one of the most popular living concocters of historical romances, tackles the story of Sir Francis Drake during the defeat of the Spanish Armada and a cruise to the New World in 1585-1586.

SATAN'S CHILDREN. By Georges Simenon. Translated by Louise Varèse. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3.95. The prolific Belgian again sets his characters in an atmosphere of violence in two novelettes. One deals with arson and marriage, the other with mental unbalance.

THE TIGER IN THE SUMMER. By Michael Keon. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. As a journalist, Australian-born Michael Keon got to see much of Communist-held China. From the backlog of that experience comes this novel of war, love, and tyranny in the China of 1947.

THE WAITERS. By William Fisher. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $3.75. A stark first novel depicting the poverty and racket-ridden lives of a group of Negroes in an eastern city.

WATCH NIGHT. By Walter B. Lowrey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. A fictionalized, documentary-like story of a Northern-educated Negro who is trapped by a rape charge in the South and faces the electric chair.

THE WRECK OF THE RUNNING GALE. By Garland Roark. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A melodramatic tale about a stolen square-rigger loaded with gold and its recapture that follows in the wake of Mr. Roark's earlier popular novels like "Fair Wind to Java."—S. M.

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The Price Goes Up a Quarter

CURTIS G. BENJAMIN

HORACE HARDBOUND, the publisher, was having his annual year-end luncheon with his old friend Upton Branch, the banker who knew a great deal about the book business. Branch was looking much less cheerless than usual, Hardbound thought. Plainly it was a contagion of the holiday spirit which pervaded the Union League, where the banker was host.

As he refilled Hardbound's glass of Chateau-Grillet (1933), Branch was asking, "Just how do you account for this small boom in the book business which makes you so ecstatic, Horace?"

"Well, it could be several things, or a combination of several things—." Hardbound hesitated, attempting to focus his uncertain thoughts. "Or it could be any one of several possible combinations—." He cleared his throat and reached for his glass. But Upton Branch's steady eyes bore in coldly. Hardbound knew he was fumbling wretchedly.

"Could it be, Horace, that people are watching television less?" Branch asked with mock helpfulness.

"No," replied Hardbound promptly. "There's no clear evidence of that."

"Could it be that people are less preoccupied with Korea and the Cold War?"

"No, I think not."

"Are they less attracted to the beautiful, readable magazines which they find so readily on newsstands everywhere?"

"No, of course not."

"Could it be, then, that reading tastes have changed, or that your books are miraculously better this year?"

"I wish I could say you had hit the nail on either or both of those heads, Upton, but I can't. Not honestly."

"No trends, eh?" Branch asked sarcastically. "Well, anyhow, maybe you can tell me why this boom started just when the whole nation was supposed to be so preoccupied with the election."

Hardbound knew he had been trapped, but not unkindly. His eyes met Branch's and he said, "God, Upton, I wish I knew the answer to that one!"

"So do I, Horace," Branch chuckled. "Knowledge like that would be useful to a banker as well as a publisher."

He reached for his glass, and the old friends smiled at each other, the wine and the holiday spirit working warmly within them.

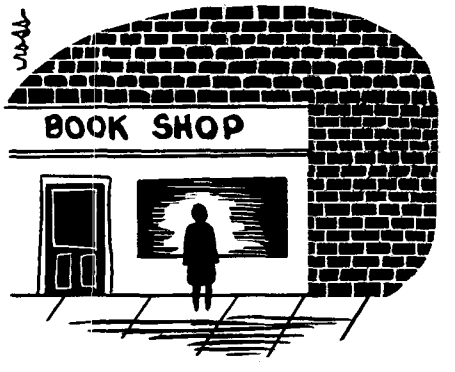
On that note the talk turned for a while to personal and social trivia, but even before their Filets de Sole Marguery was served they were right back at the book business again. And, of course, Branch was asking the questions.

"Just what improvement do you expect in trade publishers' earnings for '52, Horace?"

"Well, it's hard to say, but rather substantial, I think, Upton."

"Uh, huh? As I recall, Lasser's figures indicated an average profit of about 3 per cent for the industry in '51. What would be your best estimate for '52?"

"If I were pressed, I'd say about 4 per cent. That's much better, eh, Upton?"



"It's an improvement, Horace, but it would be more accurate to say it's less bad."

"Have it your own way, Upton," said Hardbound, trying not to feel deflated.

Then Branch asked, "Would you care to guess, Horace, how much of this magnificent improvement has come from price increases?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. Most of the industry still feel that we're bumping our heads against price ceilings all over the place."

"Yes, I know how the industry feels. But what about the facts, Horace?"

Hardbound looked very unhappy. Why did Upton Branch always insist on putting his finger on the sorest spot?

"Probably not more than 10 per cent. Maybe 15 per cent at most. I know that's nothing to be proud of, Upton, but it seems to be the best we can do."

"I wouldn't know about that, Horace—but I do know it gives you a very sad picture." Now Branch was sneering happily. "In the year of your highest sales volume you have let low prices squeeze your margins as thin as wallpaper. What's more, you've squeezed your dealers along with yourselves. There are simply not enough dollars in your margins for the industry to live on. Why don't you do something about it?"

"We have, Upton. We've raised almost all our prices substantially."

"Yes, but not enough. You're still selling many books at $3.50 and $3.75 that ought to be selling at $5.00. They're books that would have been priced at $2.50 twenty years ago or $3.00 ten years ago, and you're still pricing them today at $3.50 or $3.75, when they should be at least $5.00. That's the least you should be getting on any comparative price basis. And with your manufacturing and operating costs being what they are, you really ought to be getting more."

"Maybe so, Upton, but the trade is convinced that the public won't pay that much for run-of-the-mill popular fiction or light-weight non-fiction. No, $4.00 seems to be the barrier beyond which everyone expects an explosion of some sort, just like those explosions that rock the countryside when jet planes break through the sonic barrier."

"That's just the trouble, Horace! You consistently underprice your best sellers. You can no longer make enough profit on your big volume books to offset your losses on slow sellers and flops."

"Maybe you're right, Upton," sighed Hardbound. "But it's hard to penalize a best seller pricewise in order to pay for slow selling scholarly books."

"Why so?" asked Branch sharply.

"Well," said Hardbound uneasily, "it's just asking the buyers of good books to pay something extra to cover your mistakes, isn't it?"

"Who else will pay for them, Horace?" asked Branch, a fish-cold glint flashing in his eyes.

HARDBOUND couldn't answer that one. In fact he felt downright silly as he dug into his sole Marguery. It was funny, he thought, how some ideas could seem so reasonable in your own office and yet sound so silly in a place like the Union League.

Soon the talk again turned to other, more pleasant things, but that question and his friend's disdainful look stuck like barbs in Hardbound's mind through the rest of the luncheon. Even

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Curtis G. Benjamin is president of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.

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later, the sharp question, Who else will pay? Who else? Who else? pounded through his head as he himself pounded the pavement back to his office from the Union League Club. Those new rates could run up a taxi meter to a fearful amount on a dismal, rainy day such as this.

BACK at the office, Hardbound went straight to the office of Paul Puffer, his hard-working sales manager.

"Paul, I've changed my mind," he said firmly. "We've got to up the price of 'Alone Together' to $4. You can announce the change January 2, effective February 1."

Puffer slumped away from his gaudily littered desk. "No, no," he groaned. "We can't up it now, Horace. January 2 is only four days away. Besides, you definitely promised to let it ride at $3.75 until summer."

"I know, Paul—but that was last month. You talked me into letting it ride when it should have been slated to go up along with other prices at the first of the year. You've done a whale of a promotional job on 'Alone,' Paul, but we simply haven't made enough profit on its sales volume."

"Maybe so, but I don't have to do *any* figuring to know what will happen to sales of 'Alone' at $4. Believe me, it would be a great mistake, Horace. The trade wouldn't like it."

"Why? Wouldn't a bookseller rather sell a book at $4 than at $3.75?"

"That's not it. They'd just think it was a funny thing to do. They know our printings are big, and they'd surely think it was funny if we shot up the price now."

"Look, Paul, we originally priced 'Alone' on the low side at $3.50 just so you could get it going in the mass market. Well, it got going, but our profits didn't. Then we put it up to $3.75. That was more than a year ago."

"Maybe so, but I'm telling you it would look funny to the trade. Other publishers aren't raising the prices of their best sellers. Only the other day I was talking to Bob Breastbeater of High, Wyde & Hansum. He said they were determined to roll their prices back to prewar levels."

"Did he say how?"

"No, but he feels strongly that books are getting out of the reach of young readers who will be the hard core of the reading public of the future."

"That sounds just like Breastbeater," said Hardbound bitterly.

"Well, he's not alone. Only the other night Fred Floater of New Book Horizons said—."

"Is Floater with that outfit now?"

"Oh, yes. He's been sales manager there for almost three months now. Well, anyhow, he said that in his opin-

(*Continued on page 63*)

Just Published

Many of the books described below are reviewed in this issue or will be in forthcoming numbers. New works of fiction are listed elsewhere in this issue.

THE AMERICAN MARTYRS. By John A. O'Brien. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. The stories of eight French Jesuit priests who endured great hardship—and ultimately died—to bring the Roman Catholic religion to the Indians of North America.

BACK DOWN TO THE RIDGE. By W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. The author of "They Were Expendable" turns attention to the "clobbered"—that is the wounded—in Korea and describes how they are evacuated. A realistic documentary.

BIG BUSINESS: A New Era. By David E. Lilienthal. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75. The former chairman of TVA and the Atomic Energy Commission states the case for "big business" in contemporary American life.

CHILEAN SCRAPBOOK. By Stephen Clissold. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $4.75. Notes on the landscape, people, history, politics, and economic life of Chile by a British diplomat.

THE COLDITZ STORY. By P. R. Reid. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.95. Colditz, near Salzburg, was a tough prison fortress to which the Germans relegated escape-minded Allied PW's. A two year tunneling project which led to freedom via Switzerland forms the substance of this first-person account.

COME TO THE COUNTRY. By Marie Wallace. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $3.75. An Ohio woman who fled from the city with her husband writes in lighthearted fashion of the joys and pitfalls of country living.

EUROPA AND THE BULL. By W. R. Rodgers. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Acclaimed as a poet of promise for "Awake, and Other Poems" in 1941, Mr. Rodgers has since then been elected to the Irish Academy of Letters. This second volume draws on ancient and modern legends for its poetic themes.

FIVE GENTLEMEN OF JAPAN. By Frank Gibney. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $4. An attempt by a *Time* magazine correspondent to depict that elusive quality, the Japanese national character. To do so, he chooses five representatives of different vocations and sets them against their historical and contemporary background.

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF SERVICE. By Joseph Kolodny. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $6.50. Known as "Mr. Tobacco," the author, who is president of the Jersey City Tobacco Co., surveys the history of the wholesale tobacco industry and its pioneers.

HAVANA, THE PORTRAIT OF A CITY. By W. Adolphe Roberts. New York: Coward-McCann. $3.50. Historical notes and guide material for visitors to the largest city in the West Indies.

HENRY JAMES. By Michael Swan. New York: Roy Publishers. $2. A brief biography and critical analysis in the English Novelists Series.

HITLER: A Study in Tyranny. By Alan Bullock. New York: Harper & Bros. $6. An Oxford historian uses all the records now available to recount the Fuehrer's career.

THE HONEST RAINMAKER: The Life and Times of Colonel John R. Stingo. By A. J. Liebling. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Expanding a "profile" that saw publication in *The New Yorker* magazine, the author reconstructs the zany saga of Colonel Stringo as rainmaker, hogcaller, and journalist.

THE INCREDIBLE CANADIAN. By Bruce Hutchison. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5. William Lyon Mackenzie King, who held Canada's prime ministership for over a decade, is the subject here of an extended study in politics and personality.

INSIDE. By Helen Bryan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. A first-hand picture of life in a women's prison, illuminated by the life histories of some inmates as confided during talkative moods.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Douglas Jerrold. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50. A British historian reviews developments in his native land from prehistoric times to the thirteenth century.

JOHN LOCKE. By D. J. O'Connor. Baltimore: Penguin Books. Paperbound, 65¢. A critical introduction, intended for laymen, to the thought of the great seventeenth-century empiricist who founded the British philosophical system. The American-born author now teaches in England.

JOSE MARTI. By Manuel Pedro Gonzalez. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. $3. The life of a prominent Cuban patriot and writer during the fifteen years of the latter part of the nineteenth century which he spent living in and writing about the United States.

LOPE AQUIRRE, THE WANDERER. By Walker Lowry. New York: Bookman Assoc. $2.25. A portrait of one of the most unprincipled men in history, who played a bloody role in sixteenth century Peru.

MERRY HALL. By Beverly Nichols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. Creative gardening is the theme of this British writer, who in such earlier works as "Down the Garden Path" combined practicality with readability.

NATIONALISM AND COMMUNISM IN EAST ASIA. By W. Macmahon Ball. New York: Cambridge University Press. $4.50. Extensive experience including leadership of a good-will mission to East Asia for the Australian government qualify Mr. Ball for this study.

THE NEW FORCE. By Ralph E. Lapp. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. Aiming at the layman, Dr. Lapp, who has been associated with the Manhattan atomic project, discusses the problem of security and secrecy, the scientific principles involved, the various bombs, and the possibilities of harnessing the atom for man's benefit.

POEMS. By Friedrich Hölderlin. Translated by Michael Hamburger. New York: Pantheon Books. $3.50. A selection of the work of an early nineteenth-century German, whose superb verse, like that of Rilke, marks him as a poet's poet.

A REPORTER IN SEARCH OF GOD. By Howard Whitman. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Plying the interview technique acquired by a career in journalism, the author questions people.

THE RUSSIAN MIND: From Peter the Great Through the Enlightenment. By Stuart Ramsey Tomkins. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $4. In an attempt to discover what is fundamental to the Russian way of thinking and mass behavior, Mr. Tomkins, author of "Russia Through the Ages," studies in detail the period from 1721 to 1855.

THE SECOND SEX. By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by H. M. Parshley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $10. Exhaustively searching literature and social and psychological studies, the French writer touches a vital nerve with comments on woman's contemporary conflict between the sexual and the social.

SNIPS AND SNAILS. By Louise Baker. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3. What would it be like to be the only female teacher in a Western private school for boys? Miss Baker, associated with the best seller "Out on a Limb," tells it all in humorous fashion.

A TREASURY OF JEWISH LETTERS. Edited by Franz Kobler. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. Two vols. $9. Letters from Biblical days to the present written by Jewish scholars, prophets, philosophers, and plain people.

U-BOAT 977. By Heinz Schaeffer. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. A commander's personal account of what went on behind the periscope of a German U-boat, as it hunted for Allied victims in the Atlantic during World War II.

—S. M.

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The Saturday Review

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The Egghead Problem

WHEN a political reporter during the Presidential campaign found a new word to define the intellectual, he was rendering a greater service than he realized. He named them "eggheads," inspired presumably by the spectacle of Adlai Stevenson's impressive and egg-shaped forehead, distorted to twice its height by one of the humorous tricks that television plays with elevated and shining objects. The phrase became popular, not because people actually despise or fear the intellectual, but because they can no longer agree with him or attach any specific meaning to a word which in the past referred to an educated minority or social caste as opposed to the overwhelming majority of unlettered citizens.

The meaning of the word is clear enough; an intellectual is a person endowed with unusual mental capacity, who has the power of reasoning, judging, and comprehending, one who is therefore likely to be an independent thinker. In a country where there are millions of graduates of colleges and universities—and where independent judgment is applied by millions of others to personal or to national affairs which they are able to follow in newspapers, books, and magazines—a new definition is needed.

Today it has become a term of opprobrium or even ridicule applied to writers and public speakers with whose opinions you disagree. It did not occur to anyone to call Candidate Eisenhower an egghead, although millions disagreed heartily with his opinions, perhaps because no one thinks of ranking generals as intellectuals. Nor do we call women intellectuals, or scientists, or composers of newspaper editorials, Senators, heads of Government departments, and of vast businesses, or a score of other varieties of leaders of public opinion who surely are endowed with unusual mental capacity and powers of reasoning and understanding. For a short time the word pundit, meaning a learned teacher or critic, came into use, but it is now rarely applied to any other political writer than Walter Lippmann whose errors in logic, if any, can only be discovered by a second reading of his columns.

It is perhaps the fault of the intellectual that his profession as a teacher and expounder of independent and often unpopular opinions has been debased in the minds of the majority. He has too often been a bore who expressed readily comprehensible ideas with the utmost complexity of which he was capable. And he has also ridden his hobby so hard that it has collapsed under him. His expression of independent judgment may become sheer exhibitionism. It is only too easy to fall into the error that the truth can only belong to a small minority and that popular opinion must always be wrong. The intellectual has too often become the kind of writer who is anti everything and is unwilling to praise anything, the ardent reformer who is perpetually defending lost causes. However intellectual he forgets that the ability to change one's mind to suit changing circumstances is an act of intelligence, not of cowardice.

The dilemma of the intellectual today is expressed by David Riesman, author of "Faces in the Crowd," in a recent article in "The American Scholar." Mr. Riesman is a student of the American character and a persuasive public speaker who found that he was dissatisfied with his role as a protester. "I may be mistaken about my own motives," he writes. "What may on the surface appear to me as my courageous choice of an unorthodox and unpopular opinion may turn out on closer examination to be a form of exhibitionism. Or I may be more conciliating than is warranted because I want to be liked. More probably I may be falling into the all-too-common academic pitfall of finding and clinging to a pet heresy, proud of my intransigence, while failing to realize that it has become, if not a popular orthodoxy, at least the vested heresy of an in-group. I must watch for any symptoms showing that I prefer to shock or startle people rather than to enlighten them. At another level, I cannot help but be aware that a shifting position which takes a stand only against the need to take a stand on any exigently argued issues may have terrible moral pitfalls in convenient uncommitment . . ."

Mr. Riesman adds that he has come to the conclusion that it is necessary to meet life flexibly, "listening to the arguments of the ancestor within and the friend without, but not bound to obey either." Flexibility of mind and willingness to change one's opinions in midstream as well as to listen to the voices, not only of others of his kind but of the crowd, have been notably absent from intellectual argument for a long time. Until there is more evidence of a more intelligent approach amongst them to the vast problems that beset us, whether metaphysical or political, the intellectuals must be willing to be called highbrows or eggheads, until a better and more dignified title is invented. —H.S.

At a Time of Uncertainty

By Norreys J. O'Conor

ONCE as a lad I wakened
Upon the quiet night;
Only a bird in the bushes stirred
With a twittering soft and light.

The palely shining moonbeams;
The tree, tall, dark, and still,
Brought peace from a world around me
Content to serve God's will.

Yet now at night I waken
To hear the dreadful drum
Of man-made birds gone skyward
Lest war, not peace, should come;

The world about me shattered
By some ingenious plan
Based not on God's direction
But on man's fear of man.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Man of Action

▶ IN HIS QUICK LOOK at "The Man Who Wrote 'The Rivals'" [*SR* Jan. 10] what does John Mason Brown mean when he propounds "the common Philistine fallacy that the man of action is more important than the man of letters"? As I understand him, Mr. Brown states that Sheridan would have succumbed to this fallacy *if* he considered his political activity more important than his literary works. I don't think anyone knows which activity Sheridan thought more important, though at one time late in his career one report says that he considered himself a man of letters first.

Perhaps the most outstanding single action in Sheridan's Parliamentary career, whether judged by common, Philistine, or fallacious standards, occurred during the time of the naval mutinies when England was threatened by France. While Pitt's cabinet was in a stupor of inaction, and sailors were in open rebellion, Sheridan's own party, the Foxite Whigs, stood by and did nothing, hoping the crisis would put them in power. Sheridan's speaking, his consultation with the sailors, and his constructive steps by which the crisis was resolved won him the praise and gratitude of the country. Though this ethical action did not enhance his standing in his own party, it was remembered after his death as one of his most significant achievements.

JEROME B. LANDFIELD.

Columbia, Mo.

Sleepless Nights

▶ JOHN MASON BROWN recalls the incident of General Sherman's meeting with General Joseph E. Johnston immediately following the assassination of President Lincoln, as told in General Sherman's "Memoirs" [*SR* Jan. 17]. There is another related incident which, I believe, is not mentioned by General Sherman.

On his return from the conference with General Johnston, General Sherman conferred with several of the leading citizens of the city of Raleigh, including Kemp P. Battle, later to become the president of the University of North Carolina. The general was concerned about the possible reaction of the soldiers of his army to the murder of the President. He was not sure that he could control them. The night following this conference was a sleepless and watchful one for the citizens to whom the general had confided his anxiety. General Sherman's headquarters were on the border of the city to the east of the capital. The main body of his army was encamped beyond the corporate limits northwest of the city. Dr. Battle said that at intervals throughout the night he heard the sound of the hoofbeats of the general's horse as he rode back and forth from one camp to the other. General Sherman, too, was spending a sleepless night. Lee had surrendered. Johnston was surrendering. For Sherman the war was over. There must be no more burning of cities.

ROY M. BROWN.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's a terrible blister. You'd better tell Lewis and Clark to go on without me."

Bolshevism of the Right

▶ OVER A YEAR has passed since my article "Sermons of Self-Destruction" [*SR* Aug. 18, 1951] enraged both fellow-travelers and McCarthyites by showing how alike they were: "The *Nation* mentality and the McCarthy mentality need each other, feed each other, and are both wrong." Nothing so much resembles a bump as a hollow: we already know that many of our right-wing and left-wing radicals are united in slandering our Atlantic Pact and the Marshall Plan. But a beautiful example clinching the comparison has hit the headlines recently. At the same time that Senator McCarthy in a pre-election broadcast attacked the anti-Communist Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., as too leftist, the British leftist *New Statesman and Nation* attacked the anti-McCarthyite Schlesinger as "a McCarthyite with a Harvard accent"!

To compare with the uniquely monstrous Nazis even the most extreme American right-wing enemies of civil liberties is a Fascist-baiting as absurd as that indiscriminate Red-baiting to which liberals rightly object. America's deeper anti-authoritarian heritage allows no historical basis for so hysterical a comparison. McCarthyism, properly defined, is neither Fascism nor anti-Communism, neither treason nor patriotism, but mere opportunistic demagogy. A more accurate analogy is with those non-Nazi nationalist demagogues of the Germany of 1920 who proudly called themselves "Bolsheviks of the right." By that, these rightists meant that they were not genuine, responsible conservatives, but that they preferred the irresponsible Bolshevik methods of slander and exaggeration against Weimar.

Having a year ago suggested in *SR* the coinage of "lumpen-intellectuals" for our fellow traveler and Popular Fronting highbrows, may I add a second suggestion for America's political terminology? Namely, using the term "Bolsheviks of the right" for the kind of nationalistic lowbrows who denounce as "Reds" men like Stevenson, Schlesinger, DeVoto, and even our trusted new commander and unity-symbol, Dwight Eisenhower. Most Americans recall that on June 15, 1951, McCarthy denounced Marshall as a "steeped in blood" servant of a Moscow conspiracy. Almost nobody noted the now timely fact that the same speech put almost equal blame on Eisenhower, saying "In all these [pro-Soviet] attitudes, Eisenhower, who had become commander-in-chief in North Africa, was Marshall's firm supporter."

When America was mainly controlled by the left, some of us never hesitated to make vindictive enemies on the left by warning our liberal and New Deal friends against corrupting their anti-Fascist ideals by consorting with anti-anti-Communists and appeasers of Mao and Stalin. Therefore, during 1953-1956 we would be most inconsistent, most uncourageous unless we *similarly* warn our Republican and would-be conservative friends against corrupting their urgently needed anti-Communist ideals by consorting with the "Bolsheviks of the right."

PETER VIERECK.

South Hadley, Mass.

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A SR PANEL TAKES AIM AT "THE SECOND SEX"

1. *Psychiatrist*

KARL A. MENNINGER

THE editors of *The Saturday Review* were most wise, I believe, in deciding to assign the review of Simone de Beauvoir's "The Second Sex"* to several individuals. The encyclopedic treatment of a problem as basic as that of the status of woman is bound to provoke widely varying reactions in different readers, no one of whom would want to insist that his is the only appropriate reaction, or even the most appropriate reaction to the book as a whole. Although the figure is somewhat ridiculous, there is something akin here to a review of the Bible or of a dictionary. Not that this book is in any sense either a Bible or a dictionary or an encyclopedia; for despite the fact that the publisher modestly refers to it as a masterpiece, I doubt if it is even that.

Obviously, the book is about human females, or as the author might insist on writing it, female human beings. Why they are called "The Second Sex," a term which somewhat belies the thesis of the book, is never made clear, but perhaps it will help sell the book.

The first chapter collects, in a cursory way, various data of biology and comparative physiology. The second chapter is labeled "The Psychoanalytic Point of View," and the author attempts to put in twenty-four pages what Helene Deutsch summarized in two large volumes ("The Psychology of Women"). There follows a short chapter from the Marxist point of view, and a much longer chapter on the general history of the status of women in various periods in anthropological development, beginning with the nomads, passing through patriarchal and then medieval times, up to the period since the French Revolution. A large section of the book, over one hundred pages, is then devoted to what she labels "Myths." In general, this material is an analysis of the concept of woman represented by the writings of selected authorities, for example, Kierkegaard, Schopenhauer, the early Church Fathers, Goethe, Montherlant, D. H. Lawrence, Claudel, Breton, and Stendahl. The first section is a rather disorganized presentation of material, interspersed throughout with the author's comments and interpretations, the purport of which I shall give later.

In France this book was published in two volumes, and the second makes, as it were, a new start. The formative years of childhood are described—not factually or descriptively so much as philosophically, with occasional vignettes of comment or incident. Then follow chapters on the young girl, on sexual initiation, on the lesbian, on the married woman, and on the mother. There the author interposes a chapter on social life, which is largely repetitious. A brief and totally inadequate chapter on prostitutes and hetaerae follows, then a longer chapter on maturity and old age, then back again to another repetitious summary of "Woman's Situation and Character" (which, of course, are just what the author has been discussing in all of the preceding chapters). The penultimate section of the book has the strange title of "Justification," although it is never clear what the author is justifying. This consists of a chapter on the narcissist, who seems to be some kind of woman whom the author disapproves of but something into which some women evolve through their envy and through "conditions" (by which the author means social attitudes). It is rather amusing that, just before the end of the book, as if it were an after-thought, the author has inserted a chapter of woman in love. The final short section of the book is entitled "Liberation."

These section and chapter headings give some idea of the factual content. They give little idea of the thesis.

The thesis, according to the translator (who, by the way, has done a beautiful job in spite of the occasional slips such as the translation of *"du moment que"* as "from the moment when" instead of "provided that") is that "since patriarchal times women have in general been forced to occupy a secondary place in the world in relation to men, a position comparable in many respects to that of racial minorities in spite of the fact that women constitute numerically at least half of the human race, and further

*THE SECOND SEX. By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated and edited by H. M. Parshley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 732 pp. $10.

THE AUTHOR: Simone de Beauvoir, a petite woman of forty-five, with a penchant for coronet braids, is generally regarded as France's Existentialist No. 2, a fact familiar to anyone who has ever stopped in for a pernod at the Café des Deux Magots. The No. 1 spot is reserved for existentialism's high priest, Jean-Paul Sartre, a friend of Mlle. de Beauvoir's since the early Twenties when both were students at the Sorbonne. (According to her publishers, Sartre is *not* her husband, though a statement that she is turns up occasionally in New York's non-existentialist press.) Anyway, Mlle. de Beauvoir, it turns out, is nowhere near the celebrity in this country she is in her own, where anyone who is anyone has read her *romans, essais,* and *pièces.* She has visited the United States only once, in 1947, when she talked her way to the West Coast during a four-month lecture tour sponsored by the French Embassy. On her way back East, she got a good look at the country through a bus window; the trip took three weeks, plenty of time for her to work up a beginner's interest in existentialism among the passengers. In New York she had quite a time; she walked practically the length of Manhattan culture-shopping, to find she was pretty crazy about Sammy's Bowery Follies. "It's absolutely dissolute," she said in rattling English, "all those old singers, whom nobody wants, with feathers on their heads." Though she is excited about travel, Paris, to her, is unbeatable. She lives in a Left Bank hotel; name-droppers often point her out sitting at one of those small, circular tables at the Deux Magots or the Café Flore. Paris is her birthplace. She studied at the Sorbonne, picked up a *licence de philosophie* in 1929, then went off to teach at *lycées.* The academic towel was thrown in in 1943, to allow her to write uninterruptedly. In her own right, Mlle. de Beauvoir is a major existentialist, not merely a dulcet-voiced carbon-copy of Sartre. In a recent word on that subject, *Crapouillot,* a sophisticated French magazine, declared with finality: *"C'est une erreur commune et grossière de croire que sa pensée reflète celle de Sartre."*

—BERNARD KALB.

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that this secondary standing is not imposed of necessity and natural 'feminine' characteristics but rather by strong environmental forces of educational and social tradition under the purposeful control of men. This, the author maintains, has resulted in the general failure of women to take a place of human dignity as free and independent existents, associated with men on a plane of intellectual and professional equality, a condition that has not only limited their achievement in many fields but also has given rise to pervasive social evils and has had a particularly vitiating effect on the sexual relations between men and women." To put this in existentialist terms, the author's thesis is that whereas our society treats men as subjects, existents, and transcendents, it treats women as objects, beings, and immanents. These are largely metaphysical antimonies which are beyond this reviewer's competence, and he refrains from comment lest, as Anatole France put it, he offend beauty.

But the purport of the book is obvious enough and familiar enough. It might be colloquially summarized thus: "Just because you are bigger and stronger than us women, and hence able to do so, you men have been making things pretty tough for us for a long time, and while things are a little better in America, for all I know, than in France, nevertheless women are still getting a raw deal and it isn't right and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves and change things."

This book is, in short, a scholarly and at the same time a pretentious and inflated tract on feminism. Hence, it is intrinsically tiresome and it is made more so by the author's compulsion to repeat each idea many times, often in almost the same words as well as in paraphrases. This is, no doubt, good for tract purposes, but it is not good scientific writing. One might object that the book does not aim at scientific writing, but it is cast in a pseudo-scientific mold and invokes all possible support from scientific data. The author admits in the first paragraph that she realizes the subject to be irritating and hackneyed. She feels, however, that the "voluminous nonsense" uttered during the last century has "done little to illuminate the problem." Then she wonders if there is a problem, and if so, what it is. One is reminded of a macabre joke about a pompous victim of obsessional doubting who, on his deathbed, suddenly sat up and cried out to his friends rhetorically, "What is the answer?" and lay down quietly for a moment and then rose up again just as suddenly and shouted, "What is the question?," and fell back dead.

THERE are many readers who will be charmed by some of the graceful and even eloquent passages with which the book is replete. Others will be impressed by the perseverance and doggedness with which the author presses the point that men have more physical strength than women and human nature makes power more susceptible to corruption and hence to exploitation. Still other readers will be impressed by the wide range of the author's scholarship, at least of her reading knowledge. But some will be disquieted by the plaintive, mildly paranoid wails that dot almost every page. Take, for example, this: "No biological, psychological, or anatomic fate determines the figure that the human female presents in society; it is civilization as a whole that produces this creature, intermediate between male and eunuch, which is described as feminine." Or this: "In the mouth of a man the epithet 'female' has the sound of an insult . . . the word fe-

male brings up in his mind a sarabande of imagery—a vast round ovum engulfs and castrates the agile spermatazoon; the monstrous and swollen termite queen rules over the enslaved male. . . ." And so forth. The author repeatedly describes sexual relationships in the sense of sadistic violence to which the helpless woman has to submit. Woman in "the humiliating posture of defeat" is invaded, violated, penetrated, polluted, and so forth. To be sure, she calls these myths but refers to "anatomic destiny" although (in the passage quoted above) she insists, in contradiction to Freud, that anatomy does not, or at least should not, determine destiny.

It is clear that Mlle. de Beauvoir is not intimately familiar with the content of modern thinking in psychoanalysis regarding feminine satisfactions and dissatisfactions. The extremely important contributions of Therese Benedek and B. B. Rubinstein ("The Sexual Cycle of Woman") are not even referred to, and while Helene Deutsch's masterpiece is cited several times, its content was evidently not grasped by the author. This is not a heavy reproach, for psychoanalytic material is technical and difficult for the casual non-medical reader. One would not expect this author to be entirely accurate even in the much simpler field of descriptive anatomy. The point is that she doesn't really catch the spirit of our psychoanalytic thinking. Instead of some of the clinical papers by Freud, which she seems to have glanced at, it would have been more helpful to her, burdened as she is by the compulsion to improve the lot of womankind by correcting a social misconception, to have read Freud's "Civilization and Its Discontents." It was Freud's thesis, borne out by the vast clinical experiences of many clinicians since his initial observation, that the suffering of womankind inflicted by civilization is very different in nature from these obsessive and threadbare reproaches, justified though they are, which Mlle. de Beauvoir rehashes. For Freud did what Mlle. de Beauvoir never thinks of doing; he considered some of the purposes of life and the nature of our deepest satisfactions. Mlle. de Beauvoir scarcely more than mentions, for example, the satisfactions of loving a child. She is at pains to prove that "no maternal instinct exists," and although she admits that a mother's life will be "enriched" by a child, she has little to say about the meaning of this. I have already referred to her brief and belated chapter on love. What Freud pointed out was that with the development of civilization came the necessity of increasingly restraining our natural impulses, particularly our aggressive ones, and that this had a tendency likewise to inhibit also our sexual activities, and since our sexual lives are related to reproduction, to child bearing and child rearing, this cost of civilization falls most heavily upon women. Mlle. de Beauvoir's picture of an aggressive male cavalierly oppressing and abusing women in lustful glee is largely a fantasy. Every psychiatrist sees a dozen women complain of the passivity, dependence, and/or impotence of their husbands to one who complains of his ruthlessness. Mlle. de Beauvoir is a Frenchwoman, and I have not lived

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in France; but I doubt that French men and women differ very much from American men and women. We have sufficient clinical data about the latter to know definitely that things in this country are not as she describes them.

This is not to deny that women are frustrated, but so are men. It is not to deny that men shall be more considerate, fair loving, and non-frustrating, but frustration, after all, is not quite what Mlle. de Beauvoir is complaining about. Furthermore, she is consistently blind to the fact that women themselves have a voice in this matter, and that frustrated people—yes, even women—can inflict plenty of aggressive revenge in their own more or less quiet ways upon little boys and big boys and, for that matter, little and big girls. Women themselves have something to do with the depreciation of femininity; this, indeed, may be one of the revenges. What Mlle. de Beauvoir assumes to be the natural meanness of males in the depreciation and exploitation of women proves, upon examination in the particular instance of case after case, to be the avenging on the contemporary woman of resentments inculcated by an earlier woman (who, in turn, has had her troubles). Freud and many others of those of us who have followed his lead have put this in writing; I tried to do so myself in "Love Against Hate," in some detail. What Mlle. de Beauvoir says may not be substantially wrong in its factual details, but the interpretation she puts upon them corresponds to something to which she devotes the largest section of her book; it is another one of those "Myths." At least, so I would see it, as a psychiatrist.

2. *Writer*

PHILIP WYLIE

WHEN one says of a book that all persons who wish to become or to remain *contemporary* must read it, one has said as much in its favor as possible. It is a statement I would make for the work of hardly half a dozen living writers, scientists excepted. "The Second Sex," by Simone de Beauvoir, is one of the few great books of our era. It flows from a quality men often deny to women: genius—at least by my definition of that lofty capacity. Genius, I think, is the ability to discover or to create a new *category* or a new *dimension* of human knowledge, human understanding, or human experience. Simone de Beauvoir has finally succeeded in adding that much insight to the subject of Woman and the twice-larger subject of human sexuality. That is why I feel no one can leave her book unread and still be considered intellectually up-to-date. It makes a fresh contribution to awareness that cannot be missed any more than the contributions of Freud, say, or Einstein, or Darwin—without the onset of a private "cultural lag."

The space accorded me here leaves little room for the detailed acclaim deserved—a reviewer's praise of the erudition, the librarian's patience, the cerebral appetite with which Mlle. de Beauvoir has performed her task. And there is no need to say what it is that she has added to the general awareness; that is in the book. My urgent purpose is but to bring to it what attention I am able.

Perhaps I can do this partly by reminding readers this is the reverence of a male, and of an American long known as the leading critic of females—a dim-viewer and angry-speaker, too. Perhaps I can suggest more by pointing out that my own books, from "Generation of Vipers" onward (attributed, incidentally, by Mlle. de Beauvoir, to the wrong publisher), have concerned in large part the selfsame subject:

What is woman?

What, in correspondence, is man? And,

What is sexuality?

But probably I can do most in behalf of "The Second Sex" by saying that, while I agree with its brilliant statement of the problem and with its synthesis of the male-female situation (which is where I find a new dimension), I disagree with its principal suggestion for the resolution of the problem. This very disagreement, fundamental to the philosophy of the work, is the proper measure of my enthusiasm for what its author *does* accomplish. (I see the ageless debasement of woman ended by an initial application of other means than the material, the economic, the strictly "social.")

Scientists have a way of saying that every "right answer" is found only after some one asks the "right questions." Thus, on a grand scale, Copernicus asked more than he answered; he did not go on to discover Newton's laws, or Einstein's Copernicus is not held lesser for the fact. So I think, at infinitely long last, Mlle. de Beauvoir in this book has asked concerning Sex the right questions, and usually in the right terms. Until we have answered her—whether by following her suggestions or not—we shall have no content with our minds or peace in our emotions. But that the question has been put clearly, implacably, and in terms suggesting not just her solution but at least one other of a different sort, is achievement enough for any woman or man, any writer, any single lifetime of study, thought, criticism, and creativity.

We Americans are more aware than Europeans imagine of the part played by sexuality in human concerns, past, present, and future. Our "way of life" is far less rigid (for all the stabs and bludgeonings of writers like me) than the rest of the world can conceive. If humanity is soon to enjoy the forward rush which a real understanding of sexuality would assure, the sturdiest first steps will probably be made by Americans "pioneering" as bravely as ever—indeed, more courageously than ever, since it is easier to die for a tradition than to live opposed to one. I believe "The Second Sex" has lighted the scene of modern despair and revealed its "frontier" and its "challenge" as no comparable work has done. Its effects on men and women will be fascinating and they cannot be evil since what this great woman sets forth is the Truth.

Philip Wylie, novelist and short-story writer, is the author of "Generation of Vipers" and other volumes and essays criticizing the role of women in modern life.

3. *Educator*

ASHLEY MONTAGU

THE incomparable Mrs. Belmont is said to have solaced a suffering suffragette in the depths of despair with the injunction to "pray to God, my dear. *She* will help you." We can now improve upon this partisan prescription and advise any woman in doubt to read "The Second Sex." Simone de Beauvoir will help her resolve her doubts most authentically. The doubts that women have about themselves are man-made, and most women are so enslaved to the myths of their own inferiority they are unable to see the truth for the myths. In Simone de Beauvoir's distinguished book, women now have, for the first time, the facts set before them which can free them from the tyranny of these debasing myths. As the author says, "It is the society developed by the males and in their interest, that has established woman's situation in a form that is at present a source of torment for both sexes." Men

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should, therefore, also read this book —they will find it at least as interesting and as informative as will women.

There are so many things I want to say about this book. First, that it is a great book, a book that will be read long after most works which have been written on the subject will have been forgotten. Second, in its qualities of analysis, restrained eloquence, and the influence it is bound to have upon human thought and conduct, it ranks next to John Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women" (1869). Third, one cannot help being impressed by the skill with which the author has avoided the pitfalls into which so many others have fallen in discussing such thoroughly misunderstood institutions, for example, as matriarchy. Fourth, the balance, good common sense, and profound insight of the author constitute a most refreshing and illuminating experience in an area in which the discussion is usually tendentious and biased. Fifth, the book is beautifully written in all senses of the word. And sixth, while the book could have been written by a man, it took a woman to do it.

Woman leans heavily on man, writes the author, because she is not allowed to rely on herself. Marriage, she says, must be prohibited as a "career" for woman. Woman must be equally encouraged with man to look forward to interests in life, other than marriage as a career. Fine. But when the author goes on to argue that woman can no longer consent to bring forth life unless life has a meaning, one cannot help but demur. Fortunately for the human race, when mankind snuffs the candle and draws the sheet, woman asks not whether this life which may be conceived will have any meaning—she hopes and expects that it will. As for the idea that "in a properly organized society where children would largely be taken in charge by the community, and the mother cared for and helped, maternity would not be incompatible with careers for women," I think this a very dangerous suggestion. Ideally I don't see why it shouldn't work, but the quality of wisdom it would require in the community is frankly more than we could, as realists, expect within the next few hundred years at best—and Mlle. de Beauvoir writes for the present and the immediate future. But she does say "in a properly organized society." Mlle. de Beauvoir has apparently forgotten that Plato made a similar suggestion in "The Republic" (Book V, 461) more than two thousand years ago, and that the Russians gave the idea a brief trial from which they promptly reneged. In Palestine the suggestion has been put into practice in the Kibbutzim, but I know of no reports on the results in terms of human values (except that contained in Arthur Koestler's "Thieves in the Night") which would be helpful here.

It is a little disappointing to find the author even partially accepting the perverse caricature of American women drawn by certain American writers. Mlle. de Beauvoir reveals herself as not too well acquainted with the conditions of women in America, and because of this lack of acquaintance she not only does less than justice to American women, but denies herself much valuable support for her argument. How often I found myself wishing while reading this sensitively written book that the author had spent a year or more in the United States; I think it would have given her book an added dimension. It is high time that the bulging Philip Wylie-Helen Hokinson image of American women had the gas let out of it. Speaking as an objective observer, I would say that among the most progressive elements for good in the world today are the thirty million American clubwomen and other organized feminine groups whom it is considered the thing to ridicule and make the object of all sorts of belittling insinuendoes. It is to be hoped sociologists will some day consider the social contributions of American women a subject worthy of their serious attention. Woman, as the author points out, is brought up without ever being impressed with the necessity of taking charge of her own existence.

Men have taken it over, and have oppressed women; as oppressors they cannot be expected to make a move of gratuitous generosity. It will be up to the women of the world fully to emancipate themselves. Some men will help, but for the present women will largely be forced to do the necessary work for themselves. Meanwhile, Simone de Beauvoir's "The Second Sex" may serve them not only as a breviary but also as a call to action.

Ashley Montagu is chairman of the anthropology department at Rutgers University. His books include "Man's Most Dangerous Myth: The Fallacy of Race" and "Introducion to Physical Anthropology."

4. *Housewife*

PHYLLIS McGINLEY

CHILDREN are not the only race whose illusions are constantly in peril. I, myself (and at a time of life when suddenly all the frocks in size fourteen seem awfully girlish) keep finding evidence to prove I have been incorrigibly naive. I am always discovering that I have been proud of the things of which, by rights, I should have been ashamed—a legible handwriting, say; a weakness for Dickens, an Irish ancestor. My views, political and moral, turn out to have been mockingly behind the times. Did I fancy myself a rebel? I perceive I've been a sad conformist. I thought myself emancipated? I have been a slave, a dupe, a victim.

Never, however, have my newly-apprehended chains clanked so loudly as during the past two days while I was learning from Simone de Beauvoir about my status as a female. No longer can I think of myself as the Other Gender, the Complement to Man. I now stand exposed as one member of the most oppressed minority group in human history, the Second Sex. How blind I have been! Christian nations have persecuted the Jew. Anglo-Saxon countries have done badly by the Negro. But the whole race of men, for thousands of years and everywhere on the face of earth, have been engaged in one vast conspiracy to enslave his comrade Woman.

Shame on me! What right have I to go about my humdrum tasks, wearing so cheerful a face? How can I traitorously sing as I add water to the frozen orange juice or put the slice of bread in the electric toaster? How do I dare take pleasure in flavoring a stew or designing a slipcover for the sofa? These are the labors of ignominy. And the fact that I have found them, on occasion, a source of satisfaction is further comment on woman's degraded state.

It's a man's world, my sisters, and Mlle. de Beauvoir isn't going to let herself or me or any other human creature forget it for a moment. She gives no quarter. "The Second Sex" is a document as fiery as "Commonsense," as unorthodox for its time as

When she is not busy with her housewifely chores in Larchmont, N. Y., Phyllis McGinley writes light verse, collected in "Stones for a Glass House," "A Short Walk from the Station," and other volumes.

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"The Origin of Species," as revolutionary as "Das Kapital." As a matter of fact, it *is* a kind of Marxian treatise with all men the villains to be overthrown instead of a mere middle-class society.

There are differences, however, between her and the Marx for whom she owns so strict an admiration. For one thing, she is an artist. (The whole fierce, scholarly, stupendous, preposterous book is readable as a novel and twice as romantic. It is as felicitous in expressions as it is uncompromising in tone.) For another, her manifesto lacks a real blueprint for revolution. Overthrow religion, she recommends, and abolish marriage. Those are the institutions which most jealously stifle woman's freedom. But she does not tell us how to go about it. To accomplish her goals, we must have a Movement. Slaves must be formed into an army, ramparts must be stormed, discontent must be fanned into bloody uprisings. And Mademoiselle is without a plan. In fact, she herself admits the lethargy of women as agitators. So where are we to find our Spartacus or our Lenin? Perhaps France today may have its female Octobrists scheming in secret drawing-rooms. But somehow I cannot envision the average member of the P-TA or the League of Women Voters as a potential soldier of the Cause. Men in America have done their work too well; their propaganda is irresistible. Millions of deluded women believe themselves ennobled by the mere fact of *being* women. They may deplore the dearth of domestic servants or the lack of some gadget owned by a luckier neighbor. They may even envy their husband's wage-earning excuse for reaching the television set first in the evening while they are still inserting the plates into the automatic dishwasher. But by and large, they have convinced themselves or been convinced by their overlords that they are the luckier sex. They have the vote. They've gained the right to hold jobs if they like. And in acquiring these dubious blessings, they have given up very little. They haven't, for instance, abdicated in the matter of having babies; the children of the race belong to them as never before in history. Who'd want to settle for simply being a man?

It is such conviction of their own good fortune which, erroneous or not, may lead American women to regard this enormous treatise as curiously old-fashioned. That is the impact it had on me. Nothing dates so rapidly as radical doctrine; and "The Second Sex" is both radical and sentimental. About it hangs the atmosphere of the boarding-school dormitory. All these arguments, brilliant as they sound, are merely sublimations of feminist arguments we all advanced at seventeen. Here is, in short, nothing more than the Great Complaint of Virginia Woolf's "A Room of One's Own" raised to the nth power and supported by exhaustive but unscientific research.

There is also a curious illogic about the book. In nearly every chapter Mlle. de Beauvoir calls for complete equality with man while admitting — indeed, insisting on — the physical disparities between the sexes. She bewails the shackles of female physiology while demanding that no concessions be made to it. It's the kind of biased non-logic which men like to attribute to the "feminine mind." It is the self-pitying cry of one who resents being born a woman. I think she will find her converts only among those who hold the same resentment.

Were Mademoiselle consistent, then she would admire realism. And the realistic woman owns that there are two sexes. She admits that it's a tough world for the female; but she sensibly claims that women themselves are tough, and that anyhow it is naive to expect the world to be an easy place for either gender. She will also not deny that there is such a thing as a feminine *mystique*. It is Woman and not Man who is most capable of fulfillment as a human being; she has not, therefore, the same restlessness which, perhaps, is one facet of genius. It is quite true that there has never been a female Shakespeare or Euclid or Michelangelo. But may not the reason be as much glandular as social? The creation of a literary masterpiece, moreover, is not the only form of creation.

If one can take a truly impersonal viewpoint, then it does not matter who writes the novels or paints the pictures or discovers the new planet. If it is woman's function to hold the world together while these things are being accomplished, let her take pride in that. Or let her try to hold things more together.

It is my kind who will die first on the barricades while the Second Sex is taking them into battle, but I will go down crying like the women of Cranford (who were the real feminists), "Men's equals? Nonsense! We have always known we were their superiors."

5. *Anthropologist*

MARGARET MEAD

TO APPRECIATE it properly, "The Second Sex" must be recognized as the work of a French woman novelist who has drawn with high personal selectivity from a large number of fields—comparative religion, psychiatry, Marxism, existentialist philosophy—and who has cast her work in the form of a piece of specialist non-fiction, which is exactly what it is not. Although it is written in the tradition of the early champions of women's rights, the book is vivid and fresh because it draws on the contemporary climate of opinion, evaluating women as *existents*, exploring the ambivalent imagery of many countries and periods.

Mlle. de Beauvoir castigates MAN for having turned women into Woman, first in terms of the biological role which early cultures were not yet able to transcend, later for his private convenience. She recites every possible disadvantage of being a woman—the horrors of female physiology, the boredom of the housewifely role, the corruption of character which women as an enslaved sex display. Man, who hovers over the book rather like the Creator in a new cosmology, is glorified as a transcendent being, able to act, to achieve, to engage in projects. But women merely *are*, repeating monotonously the inconclusive dishwashing and floor-scrubbing of housekeeping and child-rearing.

The most curious point in the book is the author's absolute failure to recognize anything creative in maternity. She goes out of her way to stress how alien the fetus is to the body that shelters it, how bad mothers are for their children after they are finally born. Climbing trees as a child, scaling mountains as a man, building towers, damming rivers, organizing states—these are all glorified as masculine and transcendent. By refusing to include the structure of the human body in her theory, by denying childhood sexuality, by denigrating maternity, she constructs a picture in which the only way a woman can be a full human being is to be as much like a man as possible. The whole book is an impassioned, often overly elaborate, statement of the misery a gifted woman can

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Margaret Mead, associate curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History, is the author of "Male and Female," "Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies," and other books.

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feel in twentieth-century France, where contraception is forbidden and the number of abortions equals the number of births, where marriages of convenience are just going out, and where women have traditionally hidden their strength behind male figureheads.

The book is very French in, among other things, the curious, essentially timeless, mythological handling of "antiquity" and "the primitive": in the acceptance of Lesbianism and the disapproval of male homosexuality; in the bland identification of France as "the modern world," so that the past was a prelude to French civilization, and the present and future are seen uncritically in French terms, which are regarded as self-evident.

Theoretically, the book violates every canon of science and disinterested scholarship in its partisan selectivity, but as a piece of writing it provides a rare, exasperating, but unfailingly interesting experience. It is torrential, brilliant, wonderfully angry. Read in context, it should give good insight into the psychology of one woman whose society has convinced her that it is terrible to be born a woman. It would be unfortunate if her pleas that women be treated as human beings were to be summarily rejected either by men (who will resent being made responsible for women's woes throughout history) or by women (who will resent the deprecation of their maternal role). Stripped of its personal bias and its over-decorative paraphernalia, the main argument—that society has wasted women's individual gifts by failing to institutionalize them—is a sound one.

Tomcat

By Ethel Jacobson

SOMEWHAT blatantly nonchalant.
You stroll home four days later,
A weary, famished miscreant,
A battered gladiator.

Cat, Cat, chewed and clawed,
Draggle-tailed, dusty-pawed,
Your whiskers flare at a raffish slant;
There's a hoarser blare to your
rumbling chant,
Though your fur's unslicked, and
you're gaunt and wan
With both ears nicked and your ribbon
gone.

Now, under repair, your limp hulk lies
By the hearth where you always
berth it;
But the smug, smug gleam in your
slitted eyes
Proclaims it was more than worth it!

6. Public Official

OLIVE R. GOLDMAN

AT THE time of the publication of "The Second Sex" in France in 1949, a French reviewer wrote: "One must read these two volumes of Madame de Beauvoir in the spirit which inspired them, as a lucid examination of the problems of women at the present time, at the peak of a civilization which realizes more or less sincerely the liberation of women."

If one wonders why a distinguished professor of zoology has undertaken the translation of this formidable study of women, the first chapter, "The Data of Biology," gives at least a partial answer. Yet, despite the bristling scientific terms, many of the facts are as startling to the layman as they are interesting to the geneticist—as the news that a woman "produces about four hundred eggs and at most twenty-five or thirty children," which certainly gave pause to a mere mother of four.

Professor H. M. Parshley's translation has real verve. Also, judging from a comparison of certain puzzling passages with the French text, he has been conscientious even to the point of identical use of italics. Still, the format of the American edition is a vast improvement over the French, not only in typography and paper but in the paragraphing, which breaks up the solid mass of the original into more readable pages, and in the addition of an excellent index.

Mlle. de Beauvoir took the degree of Agrégée de Philosophie at the Sorbonne in the same year as Jean-Paul Sartre, with whom she has been associated. Although there are but nine references to Sartre in the index, there are several dozen to existentialism, and one feels the influence of Sartre's philosophy throughout the book in such sentences as: "No existent can be satisfied with an inessential role, for that immediately makes means into ends."

In her discussion of the problems of women, Mlle de Beauvoir is chiefly concerned with woman's fulfillment as a human being. She examines what roads are open to her and which are blocked, how independence can be won, and how individual women may achieve—in liberty—full membership in the human race. She deals with women as "the other," a being who has little reality to herself except in relation to man. She repeatedly uses the term "immanence," as synonymous with "stagnation" to define woman's situation, contrasting it with the "transcendence" which man possesses and which woman could and should attain. She says, in her introduction, that she intends to describe the common basis that underlies every individual feminine existence; but her preoccupation with the abnormal defeats her purpose. (Such words as "masochistic," "mutilation," "frigid," "Oedipus complex," "infanticide," "abortion," "torture," and "humiliation" are monotonously repeated.) Also, some readers may find her too much occupied with the physical aspects of sex, with the mere anatomical differences. It is only when she turns from her intense concentration on the female body and her obsession with evil and pain that she offers constructive suggestions for the more complete emancipation of woman. Her advice that one "should throw oneself without reserve into undertakings" is sound common sense, and one finds the clearest statement of her belief in woman's capabilities and means of "liberation" when she writes: "The truth is that when woman is engaged in an enterprise worthy of a human being, she is quite able to show herself as active, efficient, taciturn—and as ascetic—as a man."

So much of the book seeks to demonstrate that woman is confused, abused, and downtrodden that this reviewer wonders if she is herself blind in regarding a number of women—among them two grandmothers, a mother, a mother-in-law, several aunts and cousins, herself, and three daughters—as complete persons, happy and even useful citizens like the men of their families, even though supported by them.

As long as the family exists (and Mlle. de Beauvoir does not advocate its dissolution) someone must give birth to children, rear them, keep house, and care for the aged and infirm. Men might take a larger share in the last three duties, but they cannot relieve woman of her maternal obligations. Consequently she must still be the home-maker—even in Communist Russia.

The discussion of women in the

(*Continued on page* 41)

Olive Remington Goldman is U.S. representative to the U.N. Commission on the Status of Women. She has translated and adapted a number of plays from the French.

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Broadway Postscript

SHAKESPEARE IN SPATS

THE notion of performing "Love's Labour's Lost" in Edwardian dress is thoroughly interesting, and—as produced at New York's City Center—at least partially valid. Shakespeare's play satirizes affectation and euphuism, and these qualities, also blooming at the turn of the century, are probably more familiar and more understandable when done in blazers and spats than they would be in the tights and crowns of a sixteenth-century court.

Albert Marre, who had already experimented with the idea at Cambridge's Brattle Square Theatre, has done a creditable if not completely successful job of staging the period piece. Faced with the task of finding actors who were trained not only to read Shakespeare but also to act with the disciplined poise and subtlety that one associates with "The Importance of Being Earnest," he ended up with a cast all of whom could do one or the other, and a few who could do both. Philip Bourneuf's Holofernes, the pedant, is a delightful characterization, which, though it includes such hokum as arrival by bike and cheating at croquet, never seems anachronistic. Kevin McCarthy makes a virile Berowne who stands out in contrast with the more effete members of the little "academe" that has foresworn women for three years, only to break their oaths at the first opportunity presenting itself. Joseph Schildkraut, who plays the pretentious Don Armado, makes the final scene a very touching one. Of the ladies, Meg Mundy gets a certain amount of snippiness into Rosaline, but does not give her much strength or lyrical effectiveness. Jan Farrand and Nancy Marchand, who have had more experience in Shakespearean roles, show to better advantage as Katherine and the Princess of France respectively. Robert O'Hearn's setting suggests the halcyon beauty of an English university town, and Robert Fletcher's costumes have style sans over-exaggeration.

There are, perhaps, too many wrong laughs, that is laughs that come when the girls arrive in a Stanley Steamer and light cigarettes, or when one of the men enters dressed for rugby and carrying a football under his arm. These are wrong not because they are anachronisms, but because they do not seem part of the life of the play, as does, for instance, the old-fashioned gramophone which squeaks out a syrupy ballad for Don Armado. They would be equally wrong in an Oscar Wilde play.

For Shakespearean scholars or students of the theatre—and I hope anybody who is one is also a little bit of

Kevin McCarthy and Meg Mundy—"affection and euphuism."

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the other—this "Love's Labour's Lost" is rewarding and revealing. It shows the early Shakespeare as a bitter enemy of the inhumanity practised by an affected and irresponsible society. The antipathy was so strong in him that he could not stay within the bounds of comedy as did those later satirists of affectation, Congreve and Wilde. If "Love's Labour's Lost" is Shakespeare's first play, and contains little memorable dramatic dialogue, it does at least contain the genes of the Shakespeare who fifteen years later in "King Lear" wrote "Take physic, pomp." And through this City Center production we are reminded that the advice applies not only to kings.

WHEN a playwright in the final scene of his play comes up with a line like "Whatever happens, I'll always remember this moment," an audience can usually assume that something is amiss. And so it was with "Touchstone," a first play by thirty-six-year-old William Stucky, a Louisville newspaperman who in five previous scenes had indicated that he had wit, intelligence, and irony in his telling of a story that combined the themes of "Shadow and Substance," "Deep Are the Roots," plus a few more of his own. A Negro child, played with feeling by Josh White, Jr., has a vision which tells him that a previously polluted pool has miraculously become pure and will now heal the sick. The boy's father is an educated Negro doctor who has been the recipient of the love and benevolence of a liberal Southern aristocrat. The physician believes his son to be suffering from hallucinations. The truth of the matter is never conclusively revealed, but it is plain what the audience is suffering from—*too much plot.*

"Touchstone" is well cast, with the theatrical Ian Keith playing the aristocrat who tends to dramatize himself, and Paul McGrath as the slick Negro-despising Uncle Langdon. Ossie Davis plays the physician with dignity but doesn't contribute enough on an emotional level. George Jenkins's set is a richly felt representation of a homestead in "the land of mink and manure."

A line that might be salvaged for future use is the aristocrat's reply to the question, "Is drinking a sin?" He answers, "It's like anything else. It all depends on who's enjoying it."

Indeed, Mr. Stucky has a flare for comedy which ought to go very well with his predilection for plotting. If not discouraged by "Touchstone's" failure, he might end up writing some very funny plays.

—HENRY HEWES.

SR Goes to the Movies

THE STAR BEHIND THE CAMERA

—From "I Confess."

Anne Baxter and Montgomery Clift "Hitchcock proves the supreme master of suspense."

THE day of the star director, the director who can stamp each scene of his picture with the mark of his own individuality, seems just about over. Today's emphasis is on scripts, on stories; the technique of their telling has become almost as stereotyped as the plots themselves. Five of Hollywood's top film makers participated in the recent "O. Henry's Full House," yet each episode might well have come from the same hands. Probably less than a dozen directors are known by name outside the trade save by a few film enthusiasts, and of these only three mean anything at the box-office—Cecil B. DeMille, John Ford, and Alfred Hitchcock. It is no mere accident that each of them in his own way is strongly visual-minded, given to using plot as a springboard to extraordinary pictorial effects or—better yet—advancing and substantiating his story through vigorous, original imagery. One picture is still worth a thousand words, and the man who can handle pageantry with the authority of a DeMille, reality with the eye of a Ford, and the psychological tensions of the pursued with the ingenuity of a Hitchcock will always have the movie audience in his corner. All of them, of necessity, are more than simply directors. They write in pictures; and the degree of their success is often best measured by the amount of control they have been permitted to exercise over their stories and scenarios. With DeMille and Hitchcock that control is almost absolute. They customarily choose and shape the material that they can handle best. When their story judgment matches their filmic talents, the result is always impressive.

Such a happy junction marks Alfred Hitchcock's "I Confess" (Warner), something that has not happened with him for quite a while. When Hitchcock arrived in this country a dozen or so years ago, he found his English successes playing the tiny art houses. Hitchcock made no bones about it: he wanted to do films that would fill Radio City Music Hall. He sought big-time assurance in the novels of Daphne du Maurier and stars like Olivier and Joan Fontaine, Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant, or the galaxy that Selznick put at his disposal for "The Paradine Case." If the logic of his story ran counter to the illogic of box-office demands, he never hesitated in chopping the logic. Increasingly he came to rely on visual trickery and shock to sustain a slippery story line. On "Rope" he finally hung himself. Its artificial, self-imposed restrictions—the single set and unbroken time progression—proved too much even for Hitchcock. His more recent films, "Stage Fright" and "Strangers on a Train," were strategic withdrawals to the safe, high ground of his earlier successes. Best of all, they got him out of the studio and

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into some contact with the everyday world he knows how to use so effectively as the stage for his exciting manhunts.

"I Confess" continues this pattern. Based on a play by Paul Anthelme, it tells of a young Catholic priest who hears the confession of a murderer, then finds the threads of circumstantial evidence surrounding the crime leading irrevocably to himself. Montgomery Clift does a superb, sensitive job in conveying the conflicting emotions of a man whose lips are sealed by the confessional, keeping his silence even in the courtroom when condemned by the real murderer. Karl Malden is equally good as the dry, intelligent, somewhat sadistic police inspector in charge of the case, while Anne Baxter, Brian Aherne, and O. E. Hasse all lend excellent support. But the real star is Hitchcock himself. Few directors move their cameras so daringly, frame their action so expertly, or know so well the precise moment to cut from action to reaction. Few directors have his flair for staging a scene to give the almost newsreel quality of reality caught by chance—the juror blowing his nose in one corner of the screen while another straightens his hair, the tensioned crowds that jam the stairway as the priest is released from the courtroom. Not only does his camera know where to look, but his microphones know what to hear. On the night before Clift is to be sent overseas, he dances with Anne Baxter, their figures filling the screen. Between them, in the distance, an officer steps forward to give the embarkation order. The focus sharpens on him, but the sound track continues the waltz that binds the two together. Of course, there is a rather flat expository section midway in which the characters get all their motivations neatly sorted out, and another of those protracted courtroom sequences that seem to hold a peculiar fascination for Hitchcock. But eventually the action shifts into high with a pulse-pounding pursuit through the kitchens and corridors of Quebec's Château Frontenac, and Hitchcock proves that he is still the supreme master of movie suspense.

* * *

"Invasion U.S.A." (Columbia) starts out with an important idea, to alert all Americans to the possibility of atomic attack on our country; but unfortunately far more energy went into the problems of keeping down the budget than keeping up the morale. A group of supposedly typical citizens, sitting around a New York bar, are mesmerized into believing that the invasion has begun. They are

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immediately roused to deeds of selfless courage, but too late. The industrialist who had refused to convert his plant to tank production for the Army is deposed by his window washer, a fifth columnist. The rancher who disapproved of Government defense spending is engulfed by the waters from A-bombed Boulder Dam. The windy Congressman is shot down in the middle of an oration. There seems to be a strangely poetic justice about all this, much more so than in the true denouement when everyone wakes up and vows to reform. Stock footage is used extensively, not only for atomic-bomb drops and aerial maneuvers, but in depicting the enemy's advance as well.

* * *

What a little imagination can do with relatively limited resources is demonstrated neatly in "The Magnetic Monster" (United Artists), a science-fiction story in the best tradition. The "monster" is a new element that doubles in size every eleven hours, living on electrical energy. The Office of Scientific Investigation, represented by Richard Carlson, must track it down and halt its growth before the entire world is endangered. In straightforward documentary fashion—just as if it were all real—the search, the analysis, and the final destruction of the "monster" in a giant deltatron beneath the ocean's bed off Nova Scotia are narrated with straight-faced references to data compiled by "the MANIAC," the electronic brain, and a great deal of other pseudo-scientific jargon. An Army character stands by throughout the proceedings muttering, "But this is preposterous!" It is, of course, but that's part of the fun.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

I Confess: Reviewed in this issue.

My Cousin Rachel: Olivia de Havilland in a photoplay of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

Little World of Don Camillo: Don Camillo, the priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, wrestle for the soul of an Italian village in this comedy-satire based on Giovanni Guareschi's novel. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

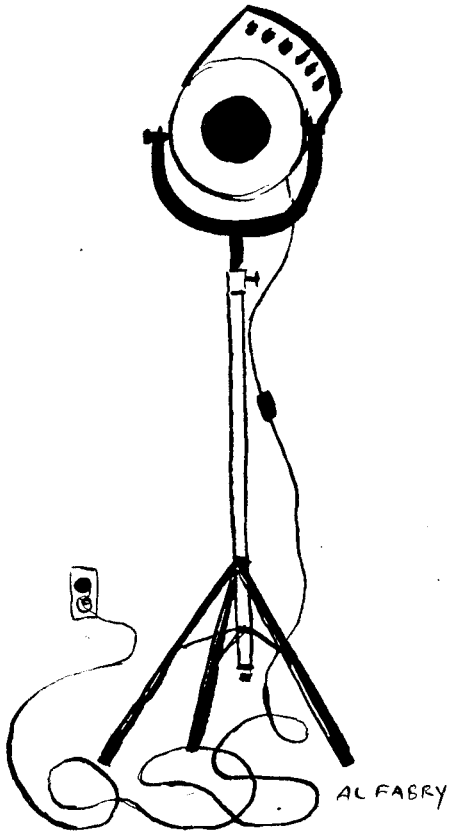
The Member of the Wedding: Julie Harris, Ethel Waters, and Brandon de Wilde collaborate in an accurate screen translation of the Carson McCullers play. (*SR* Jan. 10.)

The Bad and the Beautiful: Hollywood looks at itself in a film notable for first-rate acting, particularly by Lana Turner. (*SR* Jan. 3.)

Come Back, Little Sheba: Shirley Booth's magnificent Hollywood debut as the slovenly, adolescent-minded housewife of William Inge's moving play. (*SR* Dec. 27.)

TV and Radio

THE METROPOLITAN BOARDS "OMNIBUS"



"OMNIBUS," the Ford Foundation's hour and a half of "something for everybody," opened its leaded windows recently and in flew a bat. I refer, of course, to Johann Strauss's operetta "Die Fledermaus" as produced by the combined staffs of the Ford TV-Radio Workshop and the Metropolitan Opera Company. The bat's ninety-minute journey in "Omnibus" was highly productive. When he finally flew out, he left the vehicle with the memory of its most successful ride to date.

Esthetic precision was evident at once after the thematic shots which regularly open "Omnibus"—the slow, revolving heavyweights of abstraction which announce the program but no mood, except perhaps ponderosity. Host Alistair Cooke introduced the opera briefly; Eugene Ormandy launched the overture; a page of the score moved across the screen; and then suddenly it was there—the bat.

This spirit, rare in "Omnibus," gave wings to the program. It imaginatively visualized the overture—a call-boy peregrinating backstage, identifying stars in their dressing-rooms, miming with the performers, "business" gaily keyed, devoid of a single false try, to the music's bounding sweep. The excitement of curtain time, the entrance of the chorus, the batlike entrance of Dr. Falke (John Brownlee) in his opera cloak, the parade of principals and supers into the body of the opera—all this was more than a *tour de force* of television staging on a grand scale, it was an unmistakable sign that the producers were striking a note with vigor and certainty of purpose.

The note lost neither breadth nor clarity in the three acts that followed. "Omnibus" cameras were no arty intruders, figuratively stumbling over their own cables, pursuing masses of shadow and fragments of substance. They were unobtrusive servants of a musical-visual experience that danced along on the enthusiasm of a brisk tale brightly told, efficient equally in Prince Orlofsky's (Jarmila Novotna) magnificent ballroom, Mr. Eisenstein's (Charles Kullman) bourgeois drawing-room, and in the barren city jail.

It was a devil of a task to measure out the Met's carefully wrought stage business before the rubber-wheeled eyes of the camera mounts without making a fake step; yet this is what the opera's television stagers did successfully. I had never escaped, in the best I had seen of opera TV, the embarrassing sensation of watching singers beguile one another like romantic codfish with their larynxes exposed. But in "Fledermaus" I did not detect a single epiglottis. The women were charming even in the upper registers, and the men were visually as well as vocally dashing.

The reprise of the waltzing couples in the ballroom, after the opera was finished, correctly capped the performance. It reiterated the "Fledermaus" mood and signed off on an outpouring of feeling which embodied as much of the essence of the work as the ingeniously televised overture.

I leave to more qualified observers comment on the quality of the singing and on the fitness of the cutting of the score required to suit the opera to the television version. Rather, I prefer to put myself in the shoes of a viewer discovering fresh, via TV, this work of art. It was a very rewarding experience. The "Omnibus" people have shown they can do it. Let them do it again and again. All that is necessary is a whole attitude, an integrated approach, a complete emotion for contagion—the bat that flew into "Omnibus."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Music to My Ears

WINTER MUSIC IN SUMMER CLOTHES

LOS ANGELES.

THE old, absurd distinction between "winter" and "summer" music seemed more than usually absurd on the February evening that introduced me to the Los Angeles Philharmonic under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein in its downtown auditorium at Fifth and Olive. Even a topcoat was *de trop* with the thermometer standing at 72 degrees (after dark), but the program of Cherubini, Liszt, Ravel, and an American novelty (Meyer Kupferman's "Little Symphony") composed as weighty an evening of music as one would brave an Eastern snowstorm to hear.

Probably by accident, the program showed the orchestra working in four different schools of music—classical, romantic, contemporary, and French impressionist—and it managed three of the four, anyway, with an impressive blend of discipline and enthusiasm. Should the orchestra be dispossessed from the auditorium where it now operates (rumor declares that the church which owns the building wants the hall for its exclusive use), it may impose some temporary difficulties. The solution seems to be a revival, in modified form, of the plan for a municipal music center, this time without the opera house.

A primary memory of this concert was the tight unity of the strings in the "Anacreon" Overture, the good quality of the solo winds in the Liszt "Dante" Symphony (unknown to me despite twenty years of fairly assiduous concert-going in New York). An additional note of local interest was provided in the latter through the participation of a choral group from the Van Nuys High School (trained by Ruth Kauzenbach). Spotted high in the top gallery, the voices floated easily through the hall in a proper fulfilment of the role Liszt assigned to them.

This is far from the strongest of the composer's ambitious orchestral works, but it lures one on with those unexpected vistas-around-the-corner which are typical of Liszt's writing. I had some momentary doubts whether one was still in the inferno or already enduring purgatory, but when other points of attention diminished, one could always remember that this score was finished in 1856, when Wagner was but mulling "Tristan" and a long way from "Parsifal," both of which are repeatedly suggested in Liszt's "Dante." Wallenstein's direction gave sound value to the high spots of the score, while hardly alleviating the more wracking stretches of "Purgatory"—which, one imagines, should be painful but not dull.

Meyer Kupferman—"spoofing."

Having missed the performance in New York of the Kupferman "Little Symphony" (by the Saidenberg ensemble), I found it both agreeable and a surprise. Remembering a certain work of Prokofiev, Kupferman's piece might well be called his "Neoclassical Symphony." It is rather plainly a joke for the enjoyment of the players, in which the audience may or may not share according to its disposition. This one seemed not quite sure whether it should be entertained or outraged, but Kupferman's determined spoofing of certain classical procedures eventually earned more smiles than frowns. It was very brightly performed, especially by the excellent string section.

The concluding "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite No. 2, for all the facility with which it was turned off, showed some facets of Wallenstein's direction which could be improved. This is, of course, a big display piece favored the world around for showing off an orchestra, and the standards of execution associated with its best performance are extremely high. For many long years an orchestral player himself, the conductor seems inclined to assume that the motions and gestures sufficient to agitate a Wallenstein (at the cello) will do for all others. Finer gradations of shading, a less casual attention to balance might have made the difference between a good, orderly performance and a fine one. Here is music that should have the latent power of live steam controlled by a safety valve: too often, as Wallenstein directed it, one found tension wanting, force conveyed as a mere loud sound. To judge from the audience response, "Daphnis" was more to its taste than anything else on the program.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

The advance reputation of the Amadeus Quartet—derived in part from its Westminster recordings, in part from the admiring reports of European travelers—led one to expect much of the ensemble's New York debut. But as happens occasionally, the event itself (in Columbia University's McMillin Theatre) was something of a let-down. For most of the evening the London-based foursome seemed intent on leaving an impression of sturdy British phlegm, and the result was usually stodgy playing with a decided lack of spontaneity. To offset this tendency the ensemble now and again broke into sudden tonal explosions, at which times the sound turned harsh and strident, especially from the quarter of the first violinist. This style of playing would have been inappropriate under any circumstances, but it was especially so in a program made up of three Mozart quartets. Toward the end of the evening, in the F major Quartet, K. 590, the Amadeus group began to perform with the control and finesse that one had expected. On the whole, however, it seemed to be an off-night for a quartet that should be capable of much more satisfactory music-making. —R. G.

Record Week

SCHUMANN's last works, the ones he composed in Düsseldorf just prior to his confinement in a mental institution, have been treated badly both by the interpreters and the historians of music. Such scores as the Concert Allegro for piano and orchestra and the Fantasy for violin and orchestra (Opus 134 and 131, respectively) have all but disappeared from the regular repertoire, and the Schumann experts have implied that this is just as well. Thanks to the current LP efflorescence, we now have the privilege of making up our own minds about much music which has slumbered for decades in cold print, and in the instance of the two Schumann works just mentioned a fresh evaluation gives more credit

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to the composer than his critical biographers allowed.

The Concert Allegro propounds as insinuatingly beautiful a melody as Schumann ever invented. It is true that he does precious little with this tune except to reiterate it, but the work is short enough and the orchestration varied enough to sustain interest. I will not pretend that this Concert Allegro is the equal of the famous A minor Piano Concerto, but the differences are of degree rather than of substance. The violin Fantasy does not aspire to that perfect balance between soloist and orchestra which was usually Schumann's goal. It is frankly a display piece, and a successful one, built on a foundation of flavorsome themes. Joachim performed it often, and contemporary virtuosos could do worse than follow his example. Aida Stucki plays it in this recording (Vox PL 7680, $5.95) with the Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra directed by Rolf Reinhardt. Walter Bohle is the pianist in the Concert Allegro, and Mirko Dorner is soloist in the Cello Concerto in A minor, Opus 129, which occupies the reverse side. The performances are uniformly good, with a spirit, precision, and delicacy of ensemble that reflect well on Stuttgart's standards.

The "Davidsbündler" Dances, which date from an earlier and more fruitful period of Schumann's life, have fared poorly in the concert hall and recording studio as compared to the more resplendent "Carnaval" or the more evocative "Kinderscenen." And despite a recent LP by Adrian Aeschbacher (Decca DL 7531, $3.85), the statement still holds true. This Swiss pianist performs competently, but the "Davidsbündler" music requires something more: a brilliant technique to release the full impact of its bravura sparkle and a persuasive musical temperament to distil the poetry from its dreamy, Eusebian interludes. In short, the "Davidsbündler" Dances await the ministrations of a Rubinstein or a Horowitz.

Or a Joerg Demus. For in the "Fantasiestücke" and the "Fantasie" (Westminster WL 5157, $5.95) this young Austrian pianist, erstwhile partner of Badura-Skoda, shows a heart-warming kinship with the Schumann idiom such as is rarely encountered today, especially among musicians of the younger generation. Demus possesses that *sine qua non* for a proper interpretation of this music, an understanding of just how far Schumann's elastic phrases can be pulled without their falling into tasteless sentimentality, and he is favored too with an acute sense of tonal adjustment and a technique fully capable of dealing with the massive rhetoric of the "Fantasie."

—Roland Gelatt.

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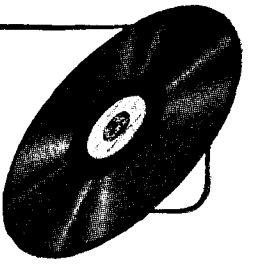

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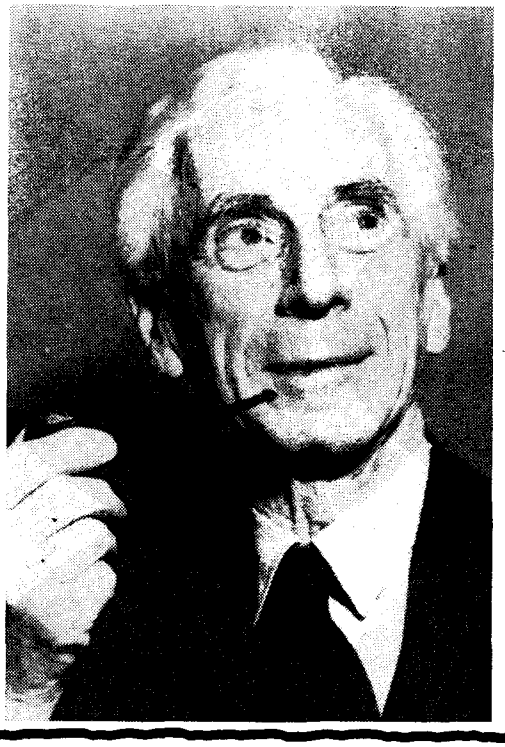

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THIS SITE OF PARADISE

HONOLULU.

BACK last August the S.S. *President Wilson* had put into Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, and was preparing to push on to Yokohama, Hong Kong, and points south. Somewhere in the warm Hawaiian waters the ship blew a gasket, slipped a disk, or whatever it is that ships do that requires hospitalization. At any rate, she was required to retire to Pearl Harbor for a full week of repairs during which period the American President Lines dispatched all the first-class passengers to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel while the third-class travelers and the crew were put up at other downy retreats along the rim of Waikiki.

Some passengers bound for the Orient who were delayed by this circumstance appeared before Captain Joseph Cox when the ship was finally ready to put to sea again and presented him with a parakeet by the name of Butch, who, I can attest, shares his cabin to this day. These restless folk were doubtless the soul of wit in giving the captain the bird, but had I been forced to suffer eight unexpected days in Hawaii I would have given him the Distinguished Service Cross.

I think I can tell you very simply what it is about Hawaii. It is the faint essence of a foreign flavor, the word here and there spoken in Hawaiian, the history of the Polynesian royalty that bubbles to the surface amid the shiny cars, super drugstores, and where you least expect it. With this alien *piquance* there is the familiar American structure of life which the mainlander on vacation will find downright enjoyable. There are no things you must be careful not to eat, no shortages of items you had better bring from home, no strange local rules to live by. There is the refreshing air that wells up out of a land where Hawaiians, Samoans, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, and new emigrés from the mainland live a life without evident jealousies, hatreds, and classes of citizenship.

Whether you come by sea or by air, the islanders will play quoits with your neck, and it is inevitable that you set foot on land garlanded with leis of plumeria or tuberoses or carnations that give off a strange Oriental scent or tiny vanda orchids that take hundreds to make a string. Stringing leis is a handsome and, I judge, a profitable business. There is a Honolulu Leis Sellers Association, and while the sale of leis at the docks is informal, the airport management built an orderly row of shacks from which their lei people could operate. The only trouble was that once they got the icebox in the shack, the pan for stringing, and the stool, there was no room for the lei-makers, who are ladies grown ample by the good life. The official flower of the islands is the hibiscus, and more than 5,000 different kinds of hibiscus are growing around the place. The pure luxury of having so many flowers around could elsewhere be experienced by no one unrelated to Max Schling or the Aga Khan. All this transpires in a temperature that is constantly 73 degrees, give a little, take a little.

The Hawaiian language has twelve letters, but no one ever got around to organizing a word for weather, a bit of intelligence that has found great favor with the copywriters of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau. All other words, however, end in vowels, sometimes in several, in which case each gets its share of the pronunciation. Although there are few old hands left on the islands who carry on normal daily conversations in Hawaiian, there is hardly an islander, no matter what his racial origin, who doesn't spice his English conversation with *pau* (finished), *pilikia* (trouble), *lanai* (porch), *malihini* (newcomer), and *pupule* (crazy), which is just what my ancestors were for stopping about 5,000 miles too soon.

A'u is a local word for swordfish, but the name for the trigger-fish is *humuhumunukunukuapuaa*. The only trouble is that you could faint from malnutrition by the time the waiter tells you it's on the menu. The favorite word for food or eating is *kau kau*. The curious blend of old Polynesian and machinistic malihini has produced a neon-girdled, drive-in called the Kau Kau Korner. They tell a story out here of a Japanese farmer who had a horse and of his Chinese neighbor who owned a cow. The horse's feed seemed to be disappearing at an alarming rate and the Japanese farmer finally decided that the Chinese farmer was stealing it. When confronted with this accusation the Chinese with the cow said, "Horse no can kau kau cow kau kau. Cow kau kau cow kau kau."

One can only imagine what the Hawaiians were wearing before the missionaries arrived. After they left the

—*Pan American World Airways.*

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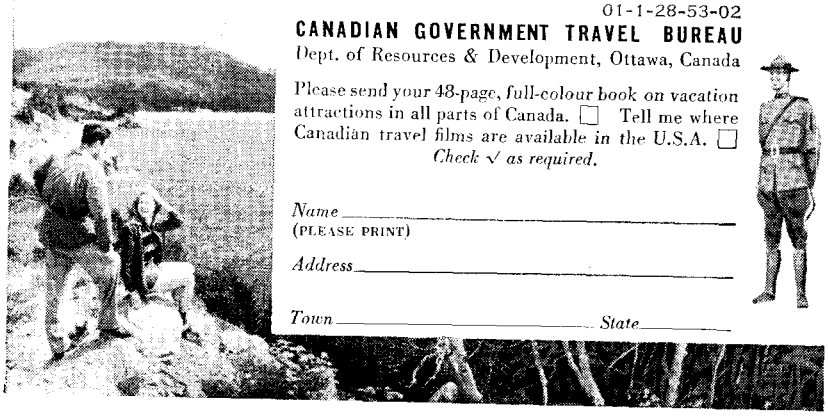

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local folk were decked out in holokus, which have a long train that is held up by a strap or pinned up at the side. They also were clothed in Mother Hubbards, or muumuus, which hang straight as a curtain and are equally as attractive. Malihinis have taken up the wearing of muumuus on the street and the sight of a portly matron lately out of Boise disporting herself in a well-flowered muumuu and high heels is justifiable homicide.

Men generally live in aloha shirts, a sports shirt with an uncontrollable pattern, and you get by in this raiment at any function short of a funeral. The teenagers, regardless of gender, are wearing aloha shirts and blue jeans, now almost a national costume. The keikis, or children, can get by with almost anything, but shoes are considered an unnecessary encumbrance. There is a private school whose brochure specifies that pupils should start wearing shoes after attaining the seventh grade.

Visitors can get by in almost any style, except perhaps for luaus when Hawaiian garb is actually specified. A luau is a Hawaiian feast featuring a pig roasted in an imu, an oven of pre-heated rocks. Food is served on ti leaves or in coconut shells, and you will probably enjoy every bit of it except perhaps for poi, an immobile goo which bears a certain resemblance to library paste though not quite so flavorsome.

The most famous of the luaus on Oahu is held each Sunday in the High Talking Chief's Long House of Don the Beachcombers at Waikiki. South Pacific dress is mandatory. You can relieve the self-conscious feeling of being done up in a sarong or holoku by visiting Don's bar, which makes a feature of strange rum drinks. The one that fascinates me the most is Don's Pearl, concocted of white rums, tropical fruit syrups, and Mexican limes. Every fifth drink contains a real pearl, on the premise, I suspect, that by that time you will not see it and leave it in the bottom of the glass, or better that you will look at the one pearl, see twenty, and think you have struck it rich.

I would also commend you to a lovely place called The Willows where dinner is served in a thatched-roof shack over a pond that is starred with water lilies and bordered with drooping willows and perfumed frangipani. The terrace of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel makes a magnificent setting for a dinner by candlelight, with flaming torches set on stanchions by the edge of the sea. There is no way I would rather start any day than on the patio of the Halekulani Hotel at Waikiki, shaded by a snarl of branches from a great old hau tree that grows out of the floor. The sea is at your elbow, refreshing the sands, Diamond Head lends stability, turtle doves come in to share the toast, and the mynah birds, who obviously eat elsewhere, swoop by and chirp and chirp, taking nothing with them but the quiet.

If the only thing that seems to chirp in your own digs is the telephone or singing commercials, the Hawaiian life seems not only distant but unbelievable. Well it is rather unbelievable, but the distance, which is something over 2,000 miles from California, has been shortened to nine hours of flying by Pan American's double-decker Boeings, which are now flying both luxury and tourist-class service. The Stratocruisers carry eighty-one escapees on the tourist run, twenty-five more than the same plane will take over on first-class. Pan-Am put on the tourist air service late last fall and the fare is now $125 one way or $225 round trip, in case you want to go back home. First-class fare with meals, bar service on the lower deck, and plenty of room to stretch costs $168 one way and $303 round trip. For $10 more you can sleep your way over in a roomy upper berth. It's worth hocking your jewels or selling your mink. It's a cinch you'll never need the mink in Hawaii.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELER'S TALE

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS: It escapes me why the ladies of America need their own special guide to the Continent, but here is a **"Woman's Guide to Europe"** (McKay, $3.95). In roaming through the nearly 500 pages of fine print it frequently seemed that the basic idea also occasionally escaped Mr. Eugene Fodor, the editor. The book is a collection of essays mostly written by American newspaperwomen on the scene. The trouble is that the chapters on individual countries become discussions of what it is like to be a woman in Iceland or Monaco or Turkey. There simply is not much travel information that is the exclusive interest of lady travelers. In addition to all this there are tables designed to help you speak foreign languages, charts of travel information for all sexes, and just about what you might expect in all the heavily annotated travel books. It isn't what I would call useful, but there are a number of entertaining pieces to warm you up in the front of the book, particularly one by Olivia Meeker about that arch-romantic, the European male, and another very slick piece that bears the name of Jacques Fath. If he wrote it he is in the wrong business.—H. S.

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THE SECOND SEX

(Continued from page 31)

USSR in "The Second Sex" suggests that Mlle. de Beauvoir has been in some degree hoodwinked by propaganda regarding the alleged advantages enjoyed by women in Russia. Reliable reports from behind the Iron Curtain give ample proof that the equality of the sexes there is simply equality in slavery. The statement that women in the USSR have "access to political life and to the dignity conferred by productive labor" needs more qualification than Mlle. de Beauvoir gives it. Only regular members of the Communist Party enjoy "access to political life" in Russia, and, as the present reviewer pointed out in a recent U. N. meeting, women make up *little more than twenty percent of the Communist Party*. As for "the dignity conferred by productive labor," one may be permitted to doubt that women driven to forced labor far beyond their strength in the mines of the Urals or of Czechoslovakia, insufficiently clad, starved, and beaten, are very keenly aware of it or prize it very highly.

The wish to accept Mlle de Beauvoir's assumption that if "woman be given responsibilities, she will assume them" should be tempered by sober reflection on the fact that although American women have enjoyed the right to vote for more than a quarter of a century and now constitute more than half of our population, the number of women elected to Congress very seldom exceeds a dozen for any session. Yet one must question her statement that "in America, much more than in Europe, it is impossible for a woman to reach a high position as a lawyer, doctor, etc." Certainly men outnumber women in all higher echelons, but many distinguished women serve on the bench in America, on the faculties of schools, and in government and business positions of authority. It may be true that there is no woman who exerts an influence in our public life equal that of Mme. Marie Helene Lefaucheux, former vice president of the French National Assembly, who, in writing to the reviewer regarding the Political Rights Convention recently passed by the General Assembly of the U. N., emphasized in these words a fact which Mlle de Beauvoir sometimes seems to forget: *"Les devoirs vont de pair avec les droits, et que dispenser les femmes de certains devoirs equivaudrait inevitablement à leur faire contester certains droits."*

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IS FREEDOM REALLY NECESSARY?

(*Continued from page 12*)

abuse was part of the price paid for the use, and that it was not in fact a high price. The simple fact is that the kind of society that cherishes academic freedom is the kind that gets the best teachers and scholars and students, and the kind that tries to control what teachers may teach or students learn is the kind that ends up with mediocre teachers and mediocre students.

So, too, with the problem of freedom of the press as against the right of the community to protect itself against libel or obscenity or sedition or other alleged dangers. Granted that there is no absolute freedom of the press—no right to proclaim blasphemy to church-goers or to distribute obscene literature to children—the alleged conflict is still largely fictitious. The hypothetical dangers linger in the realm of hypothesis; when they emerge from this to reality they can be dealt with by ordinary nuisance or libel or criminal laws, not by censorship laws. The fact is that censorship always defeats its own purpose, for it creates, in the end, the kind of society that is incapable of exercising real discretion, incapable that is of doing an honest or intelligent job, and thus guarantees a steady intellectual decline.

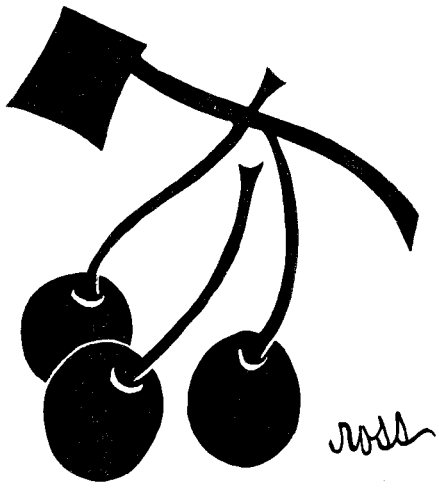
We must, then, keep in mind that we are dealing with realities, not abstractions. We must learn to think things, not words; we must fasten our attention on consequences, not on theories. We must keep ever in mind the warning of William James that "there is no difference of truth that doesn't make a difference of fact somewhere," and that meaningful discussion will "hinge as soon as possible upon some practical or particular issue."

The importance of this becomes clear when we realize that almost everyone agrees on the principles that should govern our conduct. At least almost all say and probably think that they agree. It is the application that is different. Southerners who deny Negroes a fair trial purport to be enthusiastic for the Bill of Rights but do not apply it in the same way to whites and Negroes. The legislature of Texas which recently passed a resolution outlawing any party that "entertained any thought or principle" contrary to the Constitution of the United States was doubtless sincere enough, but it did not intend to outlaw the Democratic party because that party "entertains" a thought critical of the Fifteenth Amendment. Senator McCarthy doubtless thinks of himself as a paladin of Constitutional liberties and so does Senator McCarran; Merwin K. Hart and Mr. Zook invoke the Constitution as do the editors of *Counterattack* and of "Red Channels." All this is too obvious for rehearsal. We must get beyond the principles to their application in order to discover where the difficulty is, and to discover how to resolve it.

When we approach the problem this way we can see that the most compelling argument for freedom is not the argument from theory or principle but the argument of necessity. To put the issue as simply as possible we maintain freedom not in order to indulge error but in order to discover truth, and we know no other way of discovering truth. It is difficult to think of any situation where this principle does not apply.

THIS does not mean for a moment that the principles are unimportant. They are enormously important. They provide the framework of our thinking. They provide us with a common vocabulary. They crystallize for us the values we cherish. If we did not have a body of principles of freedom, we would not be discussing this matter at all. The principles are important, then, and essential. But it is in the application that we discover their meaning. It is the application that is the test. If we are to solve our problems, it must be by traveling the road of conduct and consequences. Theory may mislead us; experience must be our guide.

Let us note three or four examples. Here, for instance, is perhaps the most important of all at the moment—the conflicting claims of scientific freedom and national security. To talk in abstract terms of the freedom of the scientist does not get us very far, for that is not an abstract freedom; it is a freedom whose effective exercise requires a good deal of cooperation from the community. Nor does it get us very far to talk in abstract terms about national security. Everyone is in favor of national security, but Senators Morse and McCarthy have different notions about how it is to be achieved. The meaningful approach is that of consequences. What happens when you adopt a policy of freedom for research—freedom with commonsense regulations that



any sensible man may be expected to observe? What happens when you permit the Government or the military to control the research? Fortunately, we need not speculate here: Walter Gellhorn's remarkable study of "Security, Loyalty, and Science" has covered the ground and furnished the moral. "The costs of secrecy," he says, "are high. When the freedom of scientific exchange is curtailed, an unfavorable reaction upon further scientific development is inevitable. We pay for secrecy by slowing the rate of our scientific progress, now and in the future. This loss of momentum may conceivably be disastrous, for even from the strictly military point of view 'it is just as important for us to have some new secrets to keep as it is for us to hold on to the old ones.' If it is unsound to suppress scientific knowledge during the long years of a cold war, the American people may one day discover that they have been crouching behind a protective wall of blueprints and formulas whose impregnability is an utter illusion."

Or let us look to an equally familiar field—the effort to rid our school system of alleged "subversives." Ignore for the moment all questions about the definition of subversive (a term that has not yet been legally defined) or about the rights of teachers. Look solely to the social interest, the community interest, in the matter, and apply the test of consequences. What happens when a state tries to purge its state universities or a community tries to purge its public schools of alleged subversives?

We have a good deal of evidence on this matter by now, for the campaign against subversives has gone on for some time. We can therefore speak here with some assurance. What happens is not that the state or city gets rid of hordes of Communists. Not at all. It very rarely finds any, and it rarely finds any subversives unless it wants to stretch that term to embrace anyone who rejoiced in Russian

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victories in 1943 or who reads the *Nation* or who favors socialized medicine. What happens is the demoralization and the eventual corruption of the school system. This is not a momentary or even a temporary affair; it is something whose consequences may go on for years. The search for subversives results in the intimidation of the independent, the original, the imaginative, and the experimental-minded. It discourages independence of thought in teachers and students alike. It discourages the joining of organizations that may turn out to be considered subversive. It discourages the reading of books that may excite the suspicion of some investigator, or some Legionnaire. It discourages criticism of educational or of Governmental policies. It discourages the discussion of controversial matters in the class room, for such discussion may be reported, or misreported, and cause trouble. It creates a situation where first-rate minds will not go into teaching or into administration and where students therefore get poor teaching. In the long run it will create a generation incapable of appreciating the difference between independence of thought and subservience. In the long run it will create a generation not only deprived of liberty but incapable of enjoying liberty.

Or we can turn to the impact of the doctrine of guilt by association, the widespread and indiscriminate use of the Attorney-General's list of subversive organizations, and of the list of the House Committee on un-American activities. The first list now runs to some 150 organizations, the second to almost 700. Let us ignore the question of the legal validity of such lists (the Supreme Court has ruled that they have no validity as such); let us ignore the question of their use by school boards, communities, states, and so forth (the Attorney-General originally provided that "no conclusions whatever are to be drawn from membership in any such organization"). Let us ignore the question whether some organizations may or may not be dangerous or wicked or disreputable and look solely to the question of consequences.

WHAT is the interest that society has in preserving and encouraging voluntary organizations and what are the results of the application of the doctrine of guilt by association? If, as would seem clear to any student of our history, the voluntary organization is the chief instrumentality of American democracy, then anything that strikes at it strikes a blow at the effective functioning of democracy.

To discourage the instinct and practice of joining—a practice that has given us all of our political parties, our churches, our labor unions, our professional organizations, our great reform movements, most of our colleges—to discourage such a practice is a serious matter. Whatever may be the results in preventing the citizens of Norwalk, Connecticut, for example, from seeing an art exhibit sponsored by a man who once belonged to the Congress of Arts and Sciences, they add up to very little as against the price we pay for them—the price of depriving the people of Norwalk of an art exhibit, the price of discouraging artists from joining organizations that may come to be considered subversive. The doctrine has not so far seriously interfered with any subversive organization—at least none has been officially banned, a long process. But that it has exercised wide influence in discouraging joining cannot be denied.

Thus, Jahoda and Cook in their recent study of "Security Measures and Freedom of Thought" conclude that:

> One of the consequences of the loyalty and security programs has been the development of a social atmosphere in which individuals are subject to unfounded suspicion on the basis of certain personal characteristics or group memberships. . . . We asked all Federal employes interviewed in Washington what kinds of people they thought might form the target for unfounded suspicions. . . . Among the list (of answers) one group may be singled out for comment because of the frequency with which it is named by respondents of very different outlooks: by Democrats and by Republicans; by those who regard the consequences of the investigations as entirely beneficial and by those who see harmful consequences; by those who make it quite clear that they do not belong to the group in question, and by those who identify with it; by those who regard it with suspicion and by those who are outraged at the suspicion. . . . The group we have in mind are the people who belong to voluntary organizations with definite social purposes. . . . At present voluntary organizations are not prohibited in this country. Yet our material suggests the possibility that because membership in some organizations can have dire consequences for Federal employes, "a public opinion passes current which tends to cause any association whatsoever to be regarded as a bold and almost an illicit enterprise."

Turn where we will to apply the test of consequences, we discover that we must insist on freedom because we cannot do without it, be-

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cause we cannot afford the price of its denial. Thus the most powerful argument against Senator Cox's program of supervision of foundations ("To determine if they are using their resources for un-American and subversive activities or for purposes not in the interest or tradition of the United States") is that if it is put into effect it will endanger existing foundations and discourage philanthropists from setting up others. The most powerful argument against the censorship of text books and the elimination of "un-American" ideas or of anything critical of the "American spirit of private enterprise" is that such censorship will guarantee the elimination of textbooks with any ideas at all. The compelling argument against the purging of libraries is that if the kind of people who believe in purges have their way and work their will, our libraries will cease to be centers of light and learning and become instead instruments of party or church or class. The compelling argument against denying passports or visas on the grounds of unpopular political or economic ideas is that by silencing criticism in those who expect to travel from country to country we deprive ourselves of the value of what foreigners might have to tell us and discourage criticism in our own citizens. The decisive argument against the kind of censorship of radio and motion picture performers that we are now witnessing is that it will leave us, in the end, with programs devoid of ideas and performers devoid of originality or of courage to apply originality where it exists.

IN every case it is society that is the loser. Our society can doubtless afford to lose the benefits of ideas or character in any one instance, but the cumulative costs of the intimidation of thoughtful and critical men and women is something no society can afford.

A society that applies doctrinaire notions to social conduct will find itself in the end the prisoner of its own doctrines. A society that takes refuge in shibboleths like "subversive" or "un-American" will find itself unable to recognize reality when it appears—even the reality of danger. A society that discourages experiment will find that without experiment there can be no progress, and that without progress, there is regress. A society that attempts to put education and science and scholarship in straitjackets will find that in straitjackets there can be no movement, and that the result will be intellectual stagnation. A society that repudiates free enterprise in the intellectual arena under the deluded notion that it can flourish in the economic alone, will find that without intellectual enterprise, economic enterprise dries up. A society that encourages state intervention in the realm of ideas will find itself an easy prey to state intervention in other realms as well.

That government which most scrupulously protects and encourages complete freedom of thought, expression, communication, investigation, criticism is the one which has the best chance of achieving security and progress. "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety," wrote Benjamin Franklin two centuries ago, and what he said is as valid now as it was then. Government and society have a paramount interest in independence, originality, heterodoxy, criticism, nonconformity, because all experience teaches that it is out of these that come new ideas, and because every society needs a continuous re-examination of old ideas and a continuous flow of new ideas. And it is relevant to remember, too, that it is nonconformity that needs encouragement. As William Ellery Channing said over a century ago, "We have conservatives enough."

Three centuries ago John Milton addressed himself to the problem that now confronts us, and what he said in "Areopagitica" is still valid:

> Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves. . . . Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty.

Literary I.Q. Answers

1. "Restless Women" (Sidney Stone). 2. "Salvation Nell" (Edward Sheldon). 3. "Angel Street" (Patricia Hamilton). 4. "The Merry Widow" (Franz Lehar). 5. "Brewster's Millions" (George Barr McCutcheon). 6. "The Heart of Maryland" (David Belasco). 7. "The Little Minister" (James M. Barrie). 8. "One Sunday Afternoon" (James Hagan). 9. "What Price Glory?" (Anderson and Stallings). 10. "Redemption" (Tolstoi). 11. "The Powers of Darkness" (Tolstoi). 12. "Enter Madame" (Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne). 13. "En Dishabille" (Edward Goodman). 14. "The Bird of Paradise" (Richard Walton Tully). 15. "Grumpy" (Percyval and Hodges). 16. "Nice People" (Rachel Crothers). 17. "Sag Harbor" (James A. Herne). 18. "The Butter and Egg Man" (George S. Kaufman). 19. "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" (Theodore Kremer). 20. "In Abraham's Bosom" (Paul Green). 21. "The Banker's Daughter" (Bronson Howard). 22. "Common Clay" (Cleves Kinkead). 23. "If" (Lord Dunsany). 24. "The Truth" (Clyde Fitch). 25. "The Show-Off" (George Kelly). 26. "Polly-with-a-Past" (Middleton and Bolton). 27. "The Fortune Hunter" (Winchell Smith). 28. "Romance" (Edward Sheldon). 29. "O, Lady, Lady!" (Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern). 30. "Diff'rent" (Eugene O'Neill). 31. "Watch Your Step" (Harry B. Smith and Irving Berlin).

32. "Once in a Lifetime" (Kaufman and Hart). 33. "The Man from Home" (Tarkington and Wilson). 34. "Lily" (Nan B. Stephens). 35. "The Easiest Way" (Eugene Walter). 36. "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" (Robert Browning). 37. "On Trial" (Elmer Rice). 38. "Brief Moment" (S. N. Behrman). 39. "Decision" (Edward Chodorov). 40. "Turn to the Right" (J. E. Hazzard and Winchell Smith). 41. "Loyalties" (John Galsworthy). 42. "The Christian (Hall Caine). 43. "Close Harmony" (Rice and Parker). 44. "Sinners" (Owen Davis). 45. "The Lost Sheep" (Belford Forrest). 46. "Scarlet Sister Mary" (Julia Peterkin). 47. "An Angel in the House" (Lee Wilson Dodd). 48. "Paris Bound" (Philip Barry). 49. "The Way of the World" (William Congreve). 50. "Sun-Up" (Lulu Vollmer). 51. "Sunday" (Percyval and Hodges). 52. "The Road Together" (George Middleton). 53. "Hell Bent fer Heaven" (Hatcher Hughes). 54. "In the Bishop's Carriage" (Channing Pollock). 55. "In a Garden" (Philip Barry). 56. "Quality Street" (James M. Barrie). 57. "The Unchastened Woman" (Louis K. Anspacher). 58. "The Fool" (Channing Pollock). 59. "It Is to Laugh" (Fanny Hurst). 60. "The Choice of a Superman" (Cora Dick Gantt). 61. "The Tyranny of Tears" (C. Haddon Chambers). 62. "Let Us Be Gay" (Rachel Crothers). 63. "Within the Law" (Bayard Veiller). 64. "The Yellow Ticket" (Michael Morton). 65. "The Great Divide" (William Vaughan Moody). 66. "The Old Homestead" (Denman Thompson). 67. "Arizona" (Augustus Thomas). 68. "The Bad Man" (Porter Emerson Browne).

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In the Belly of a Paradox

BEN RAY REDMAN

IN 1948 there was published a book called "The Seven Storey Mountain," written by Thomas Merton. It was an extraordinary book, in which the author told how he had come by crooked, dirty ways, from worldliness and sin and disbelief, to a saving faith in the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and had thereafter pursued his spiritual pilgrimage until it carried him through the gates of Gethsemani, a monastery of the Cistercians of the More Strict Observance —commonly called Trappists—situated not far from Louisville, in the Kentucky hills.

The classic prototype of this book was, plainly, the "Confessions" of St. Augustine. (I speak here of common content, not of comparative eminence.) The Numidian mystic and the Columbia undergraduate, separated in time by more than fifteen centuries, fought the same battle and won the same victory. Each of them won by slow steps, with cruel reverses. For both the darkness was long and the light did not come suddenly. The son of the poor freeman of Thagaste and the son of Owen Merton, New Zealand painter, were both compelled to thank God and praise God by writing the stories of their spiritual lives. And they wrote with another motive: to instruct and inspire others. Thomas Merton might have taken for his own the words of Aurelius Augustinus: "*Cui narro haec*?—To whom do I tell these things? For it is not to Thee, my God, that I tell them; but it is in Thy presence that I tell them to my own kind, the human kind, even to that small portion of it that may come upon these my writings. And to what end do I do this? That both I and all who read these lines may reflect upon the depths from which we may cry out to Thee."

Augustine lived in a time of troubles. Merton has lived in a time of troubles. The one witnessed the triumph of barbarism and the fall of a city that had been deemed eternal. The other was born in France during the First World War, and has lived to see the horrors that mankind has suffered since. When "The Seven Storey Mountain" was published, its audience was ready and waiting and eager for what the book had to give. It was an audience composed of both believers and unbelievers, and while the first were fortified in their faith by what Merton had to tell them, while he spoke for them as well as to them, many of those who did not believe read not only with respect, but also with envy—which in such an instance may not, perhaps, be classed by even a strict theologian as one of the seven capital sins. Still others, of course, read "The Seven Storey Mountain" scornfully, finding in it new evidence of a widespread "failure of nerve" through the Western world—the failure that has made so many once intellectually self-sufficient writers and thinkers become conspicuous converts to various religions. But this very condemnation serves to confirm the fact that the book's audience was waiting to seize upon it.

"Nuns in Wall Street," by Louis Lozowick.

MERTON could speak straight to the hearts of those who longed for a refuge from their worldly troubles and a solution of their worldly problems, because he had lived so fully and so foolishly in the world himself. He wrote in one breath of hangovers and hot jazz, and in the next of the ultimate Catholic mysteries. His autobiography was a tightly woven web of natural and supernatural strands, of experiences sacred and profane; and as a result he could win and hold the fascinated attention of readers who would have been quickly repelled by piety alone.

It is the same interweaving of the natural and the supernatural, of humanity and divinity—plus a new mingling of mystery and sweat—that gives Merton's latest book, "The Sign of Jonas,"* its peculiar quality and appealing power. This book, says the author, "is a collection of personal notes and meditations set down during about five years of my life in the monastery of Gethsemani." It is cast in the form of an irregular journal which begins on December 10, 1946, when Merton had been in the monastery for five years, and ends during

*THE SIGN OF JONAS. By Thomas Merton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 362 pp. $3.50.

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the Octave of Pentecost, June 1952. The peak of the narrative is reached when the author is ordained a priest and first offers the sacrifice of the Mass. But, just as he learned in "The Seven Storey Mountain" that baptism is only a starting-point and not the goal, so he learns in "The Sign of Jonas" that "ordination is only the beginning of a journey, not its end." Indeed, it was after he became a priest that Merton passed through a mysterious spiritual crisis that threatened to destroy him with its terrors, and from which he rallied and found peace only after he had discovered "new moral resources."

As one reads "The Sign of Jonas," Our Lady of Gethsemani Monastery comes to life. It is an overcrowded and in some ways a very American establishment—"two hundred and seventy lovers of silence and solitude are all packed into a building that was built for seventy." The sound of conversation is forbidden, but the tools used to put up new buildings are noisy. No less noisy is the machinery that assists the monks with their farming. And there is bound to be a good deal of hurry and bustle when so many men are gathered together and dedicated to leading in common an exceedingly busy life. Again and again the old dream of Carthusian peace in a solitary cell haunts Merton as he writes, but, true to his vow of "stability," he holds fast to the belief that God knows just what degree of solitude each one of his servants needs. And, after all, the noise and bustle are superficial. The sound that rises above all others in monastic life is the sound of monks praising and adoring God. The daily rhythms are those of the hours of the Divine Office; the yearly rhythms are those formed by the great and lesser feast days of the Catholic year. Within monastic walls, whatever the trivial distractions, there is true peace. In the world outside there is no peace, and to that world the monk is dead.

So Thomas Merton argues with himself. But throughout "The Sign of Jonas" he is wrestling with a problem that had begun to plague him in the last portion of "The Seven Storey Mountain." When he lived in the world the one thing he wished to be above all else was a successful writer. When he entered Gethsemani he may have left that ambition behind, but he went on writing, and he became a very successful writer. He wrote poems and had volumes of them published. He wrote and published his autobiography, and he hit the jackpot with it. He wrote a book on his order, an other on matters theological, another that is called "Seeds of Contemplation"—and they were all published. He signed contracts, publishers visited him at Gethsemani, other authors came to see him and sent him books, he kept up with a certain amount of worldly reading, he spent regular hours at his typewriter, he corrected proofs and looked at typographic designs, and now we have "The Sign of Jonas."

TO an uninstructed agnostic like myself it seems strange that writing for publication was not the first thing that Thomas Merton had to abjure when he became Brother Louis O.C.S.O. It seems strange to me that a member of a religious order famous for its silence should go on speaking, in book after book, to many thousands of readers. And it has seemed very strange to the man who once thought he was leaving the name of Thomas Merton outside the gatehouse of Gethsemani, for year after year, page after page, he has debated in agony the question: "To write or not to write?" When despairing, he has said: "Lord, I have not lived like a monk, like a contemplative." When most confident he has been able to declare: "And yet it seems to me that writing, far from being an obstacle to spiritual perfection in my own life, has become one of the conditions on which my perfection will depend." But he is seldom so confident, and never for long. He can truly say, "like Jonas himself I find myself traveling toward my destiny in the belly of a paradox."

His superiors, on the contrary, have never been in doubt. Not only have they encouraged him to write, they have told him steadily that it was his duty to write. And I am glad they have, for I am sure that what Thomas Merton writes is good to read—no matter how much or how little one is able to share his faith.

Lenten Reading for Catholics

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, playwright, former Congresswoman, and ambassador-designate to Italy, has drawn up this list of reading for Lent. Mrs. Luce's own book, "Saints for Now," brings the total to twenty-six.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. By James Brodrick, S.J. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $5.

MARGARET OF METOLA. By William R. Bonniwell, O.P. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.50.

A CHANCE TO LIVE. By John Patrick Carroll-Abbing. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.

ST. BENEDICT JOSEPH LABRE. By Agnes de la Gorce. New York: Sheed & Ward. $3.

ONE SKY TO SHARE. By R. L. Bruckberger, O.P. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.

CATHOLICISM AND THE WORLD TODAY. By Dom Aelred Graham. New York: David McKay Co. $3.

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK. By Giovanni Guareschi. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.

QUARTET IN HEAVEN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

SAINTS FOR NOW. Edited by Clare Boothe Luce. New York: Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

JUST FOR TODAY. By Father James Keller. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.

KAREN. By Marie Killilea. New York: Prentice-Hall. $2.95.

THE SINGLE WOMAN. By John Laurence. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HUNTED PRIEST. By John Gerard, S.J. Translated by Philip Caraman, S.J. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.50.

CHRIST UNCONQUERED. By Arthur Little. New York: Prentice-Hall. $4.50.

THE CATHOLIC WAY. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50.

THESE ARE YOUR SONS. By Timothy J. Mulvey. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75.

THE WORLD'S FIRST LOVE. By Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50.

CATHOLICISM AND AMERICAN FREEDOM. By James M. O'Neill. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

LIFE OF CHRIST. By Guiseppe Ricciotti. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. $3.50.

NO SECRET IS SAFE. By Mark Tennien, M.M. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50.

MANY ARE ONE. By Leo J. Trese. Chicago: Fides Publishers. $2.50.

THE BOOK OF THE SAVIOUR. Assembled by F. J. Sheed. New York: Sheed & Ward. $4.

THE WHITE PARADISE. By Peter van der Meer de Walcheren. New York: David McKay Co. $2.

PSYCHIATRY AND CATHOLICISM. By Rev. James H. Vanderveldt, O.F.M., Ph.D. and Robert P. Odenwald, M.D., F.A.P.A. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $6.

THE AMERICAN APOSTOLATE. Edited by Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. $4.25.

OUR LADY'S FOOL. By Maria Winowska. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. $3.

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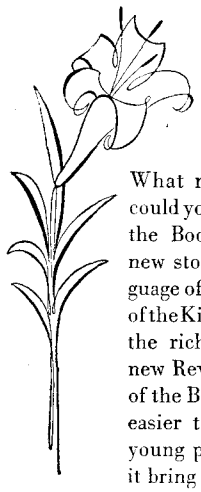

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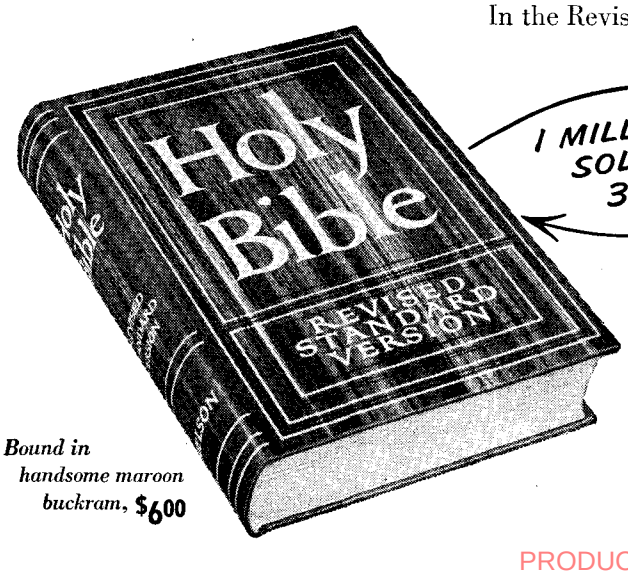

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Religious Books of the Year

KENNETH D. MILLER

IT is estimated that nearly one thousand religious books are published each year. In the course of my work, I have had occasion to review about 150 of those published during the past twelve months, including almost all the more significant works. On the basis of this rather sizable cross-section, it is possible to detect some trends in American religious life, as far as these trends are reflected in published works.

The greatest event of the year was, of course, the publication of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. This new best seller, which is incongruously and inaccurately placed in some lists in the press below "Tallulah," has been adequately covered in *The Saturday Review* (Dec. 12, 1952), as were the more significant recent books on the Bible. But no review of the year could be made without mentioning the revised Bible, for it not only made publishing history, but was hailed in an unprecedented fashion by the Protestant churches of America. The reading of the Bible has undoubtedly been greatly stimulated. Whether many new books of Bible study and interpretation will be forthcoming remains to be seen.

Not so sensational, but very significant, has been the publication of the first four volumes of "The Interpreter's Bible," the latest of which is reviewed in this issue.

One must confess to a sense of disappointment as to the rest of the religious books published in the past year. Comparatively few are worth more than a casual reading. All too many are not worth reading at all.

Writers of religious books seem to be going back to the past for their inspiration. We have had some popularized church history. Dorothy L. Sayers's "The Emperor Constantine" (reviewed in this issue) actually dramatizes the Council of Nicaea. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has edited an anthology of the messages of the Protestant Reformers ("Great Voices of the Reformation," Random House). A fictionalized life of Ignatius Loyola has appeared under the title "The Golden Thread," by Louis de Wohl (Lippincott).

We are being led back to theologians of the past (e.g. P. T. Forsyth, Kierkegaard) to buttress a theology for today. The best devotional books that have appeared are republications of devotional classics such as "The Pocket William Law," edited by Arthur W. Hopkinson (Westminster Press). Out of the past, too, have come our best religious biographies, with the Catholic saints receiving unusually competent treatment in "Saints For Now" (reviewed in this issue) and with the humanist saints (if humanists have saints) luminously interpreted by Dr. Lynn Harold Hough in "Great Humanists" (Abingdon-Cokesbury). One fears that this absorption in the spiritual wealth of the past reflects our contemporary impoverishment.

WE ARE troubled by our religious divisions and so we have to explain the why and wherefore of them. So Roman Catholics write about their church and, for the most part, in a non-controversial vein. Or they state their case by means of human interest stories. Both methods are effective. Among the Protestants, the Methodists have published a picture chronicle of their church, an ambitious and graphic piece of work ("An Album of Methodist History," edited by Elmer T. Clark. Abingdon-Cokesbury). The Christian Science Church and the Society of Friends have published their histories (reviewed in this issue), while the faith and practice of Catholics, Jews, and all the varieties of Protestants are described, and quite adequately, in "What Americans Believe and How They Worship," by Professor J. Paul Williams of Mount Holyoke College (Harper). There is no longer any excuse for an American who does not know what his church, or that of his neighbor, stands for.

In theology Paul Tillich still occupies a commanding position. Reinhold Niebuhr has been laid aside by illness and we have missed the major contribution to our religious and theological life that we have come to expect from him each year.

As to current problems, by far the greatest attention has been devoted to the role in national and world affairs of the Roman Catholic Church. This past year the Catholics have had their innings after the "big inning" sparked by Paul Blanshard a year ago. Their rebuttals have been solid and substantial, if not sensational. (See "The Government of the Catholic Church," by Elizabeth M. Lynskey, reviewed in this issue.) After all this discussion it will be interesting to see how the new Administration deals with the issue of an ambassador to the Vatican.

The correlative problem of the role of religion in education continues to occupy the forefront in the thinking of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, as well as that of the secularists. For the most part we are seeing only skirmishes about secondary issues. The main battle is yet to be joined. But it is looming up before us as Americans begin to reexamine the role of religion and of education, public and private.

Other sore spots that are receiving some attention by religious writers are the problems presented to Christianity by worldwide Communism, particularly in China and Korea. Not much attention has been given to the race problem this year. However, the tense situation in South Africa is liable to force us to face up to that problem realistically and drastically before long.

Volumes of sermons and lectures continue to pour off the press. Dr. Fosdick's "A Faith for Tough Times" (Harper) is the best to have come to my attention. No new devotional books worthy of especial commendation have come to this reviewer's attention.

So it has been a lean year for religious books, except for the new Bible. But that alone would make the past year of religious publication memorable.

Kenneth D. Miller is executive director of the New York City Mission Society. An ordained Presbyterian minister, Dr. Miller has been active in interdenominational work.

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American Prince

THE LIFE OF JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. By John Tracy Ellis. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. Two vols. 1442 pp. $17.50.

By JOHN J. MENG

THIS is the most important single contribution to the literature of American Catholic Church history in the last twenty-five years. Were the author's style pedestrian (which it is not), were his interpretations of people and events unrealistic and inaccurate (they are quite otherwise), even if (the shade of Gibbons forbid!) his book lacked balance, good temper, and seasoned judgment (all of which it has in abundance), the statement above would still be true. These two volumes throw open to historians of social movements in America a wealth of accurate documentation of a kind hard to come by and too often permanently unavailable. Dr. Ellis has well and truly followed the admonition of Pope Leo XIII, who in 1883, quoting Cicero, counselled Catholic historians to bear in mind always "that the first law of history is, not to dare to utter falsehood; the second, not to fear to speak the truth; and, moreover, no room must be left for suspicion of partiality or prejudice." Here is an amazingly complete and objective account of an amazingly full and complex career.

James Gibbons was ordained a priest in 1861, two months after the attack on Fort Sumter. He died, a cardinal, in 1921, one month after the beginning of transcontinental air mail service in the United States. During fifty of the intervening years he was a bishop of his church—the youngest man of that rank in the world at the time of his consecration. He was a member of the College of Cardinals for thirty-five years. His life spanned an epochal period in the history of the United States; his rank and his official duties placed him in a key position in the American Catholic Church. The ecclesiastical see of Baltimore is the oldest Catholic diocese of the United States. As archbishop of that primatial see (but not because of that position alone) Cardinal Gibbons became the chief spokesman for American Catholics. To him over many years came problems so varied in character, and so many in number, that to describe

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John J. Meng, professor of history at Hunter College, New York City, has served on the executive committee of the American Catholic Historical Association.

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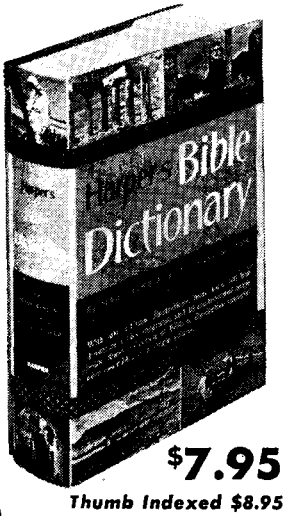

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Protestant Reading List

DR. ROLAND H. BAINTON, professor of ecclesiastical history at Yale University and author of "Here I Stand" and other books, recommends the following for Protestant Lenten reading. His "The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," added by *SR*, brings the total to twenty-six.

THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE. Vol. One: Genesis and Exodus. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. $8.75.

THE REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Roland H. Bainton. Boston: Beacon Press. $3.75.

THE REVISED STANDARD VERSION OF THE BIBLE. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. $6.

LORD OF ALL LIFE. By Ian A. Burnett. New York: Rinehart & Co. $2.50.

A FAITH FOR TOUGH TIMES. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.

CHRIST IN POETRY. Edited by Thomas Curtis Clark and Hazel Davis Clark. New York: Association Press. $3.49.

ZWINGLI THE REFORMER. By Oskar Farner. New York: Philosophical Library. $2.75.

THE IRONY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION. By N. Gangulee, with a foreword by T. S. Eliot. Boston: Beacon Press. $2.25.

A PROTESTANT MANIFESTO. By Winfred E. Garrison. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. $2.75.

ON PROVING GOD. By Roger Hazelton. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

OUR CHILDREN AND GOD. By Mrs. Clarence H. Hamilton. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.50.

REPORT FROM CHRISTIAN EUROPE. By Stewart W. Herman. New York: Friendship Press. $2.50.

THE COUNSELOR IN COUNSELING. By Seward Hiltner. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. $2.50.

MEETING OF MINDS: A WAY TO PEACE THROUGH MEDITATION. By Elmore Jackson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50.

PRAYERS FOR THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. By John Underwood Stephens. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.75.

THE CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION OF RELIGION. By Edward J. Jurji. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50.

MERE CHRISTIANITY. By C. S. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75.

MARCHING OFF THE MAP. By Halford Luccock. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

THE LOST CHURCHES OF CHINA. By Leonard M. Outerbridge. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $3.50.

PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, AND HEALING. By Leslie Weatherhead. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. $5.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By the Reverend Charles E. Raven. New York: Cambridge University Press. $4.

RELIGION IN TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICA. By Herbert W. Schneider. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press. $4.25.

TIME AND ETERNITY. By W. T. Stace. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $3.

RELIGION IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN CULTURE, 1765-1840. By William Warren Sweet. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

REDISCOVERING JESUS. By Jack Finegan. New York: Association Press. $2.50.

them adequately the author of this book has in effect written a history of the American Catholic Church from 1866 to 1921.

Nor is this a book of interest solely to ecclesiastical historians. The history of the United States is woven of many strands. Not the least important of these strands are those which detail the development of religious institutions. As the American nation grew in power and status during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the American Catholic Church came of age. Gibbons was present at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866 when that group of Catholic prelates wrestled with the problems of post-Civil War Catholic reconstruction. He presided over the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884 which considered new problems confronting Americans—Catholic and non-Catholic—at the time. Among them were those which stemmed from the tremendous waves of European immigration, with their attendant difficulties of assimilation and social integration. In one way or another, every major social problem in the United States came under Gibbons's observation in the years that followed. With respect to them these volumes, written from original archival materials, excellently presented and fully documented, are literally source books for American social history.

Although Gibbons became the acknowledged leader of American Catholics, his fellow prelates were no rubber stamps. They were men of their generation—outspoken, blunt, and sometimes mutually antagonistic. They differed among themselves on many issues of the day as these issues affected American Catholic life. The genius of Gibbons was that of the conciliator. His was not the dynamic leadership of the superior intelligence, but was rather the gentle persuasiveness of the observer who could identify values in contrasting points of view and could suggest methods of preserving the best in each. He had his troubles with his fellow prelates, but his difficulties were minor compared to those which, on occasion, they visited upon one another.

Gibbons was sometimes vacillating, frequently uncertain, and occasionally mistaken, but he was consistently honest and sincere. Over the years he won a degree of respect from his fellow citizens of all persuasions which has been unequalled in the United States by any other person of his rank and religion. Perhaps one reason for this was the uncompromising pride in America and her institutions which he coupled always with complete loyalty to the international institutions and tenets of his church. Few individuals have succeeded in manifesting so clearly the compatibility of religious loyalty to Rome and civic loyalty to Washington. His services to his church and to his country were many and great. He was a champion of the cause of labor at a time when labor's way was rough—although he was no labor expert. He presided over and eventually preserved from failure one of the nation's great universities—although he was no schoolman. He was on more than one occasion a wise adviser to Presidents—although he made no pretense of possessing political insight. And so his story goes. Cardinal Gibbons was an average, honest, sincere American citizen, possessing a generous allotment of common sense, a large degree of native shrewdness, and a tenacious devotion to duty. He was willing to work with others, to see their point of view, and to take their advice when it seemed superior to his own. Of these things is greatness sometimes made.

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Society of God

SAINTS FOR NOW. Edited by Clare Boothe Luce. New York: Sheed & Ward. 312 pp. $3.50.

By Francis Beauchesne Thornton

MAN is a strange creature. Fixing him like a butterfly on a pin Blaise Pascal was moved to exclaim, "What a Chimera then is Man? What a Novelty? What a Chaos? What a subject of Contradiction? Judge of all things, weak Worm of the Earth, Despository of Truth; Receptacle of Uncertainty; the Glory and Refuse of the Universe. If he boasts, I'll humble him, if he is humble I'll praise him and will contradict him always until he comprehends that he is a Monster incomprehensible." Pascal's language is violent, but if we open a window on a full horizon of our times we can see at a glance that the French philosopher is frighteningly exact in his summary.

Pascal's "good honest man" gets neither the breaks nor the headlines. We have too many heroes: military, scientific, literary; you could go on ticking them off with the monotonous tick of the clock. But how many of them are really human heroes? How many of them are vertical men that we call saints?

What we need now is saints, and in "Saints for Now" Clare Boothe Luce gives us a shining gallery of men and women who sum up the human glory that we must achieve if this new atomic age is not to be a tragic and a twisted thing.

In her introductory essay on the saints Mrs. Luce proves herself an able ambassador. With charm and cogency, with nimble wit, she exposes the psychology of the saints: their disciplines, their variety and complexity, their distrust of self, their devotion to principle, their devouring love of God and men. Having set the scene, Mrs. Luce puts the interpretation of the saints into the hands of a group of twenty master writers; they are not all of one faith and most of them are laymen, but their touch is sure and their intuitions are full of delightful surprises.

Each of the noted contributors was allowed to choose his own favorite saint. It is not without importance for us that Thomas Merton and Kurt Reinhardt illuminate the life of St. John of the Cross and Paul Gallico and Vincent Sheehan sing the praises of St. Francis of Assisi. Our age cries aloud for contemplation and love. Cruel or thoughtless men are too often allowed to crack the whip over us, and genocide, concentration camps, and the furnaces of Belsen have soiled and brutalized our humanity. We need the love and gaiety of St. Francis to renew the face of our world, we require the poetry and inner seeing of John of the Cross if humanity is to survive.

"Saints for Now" is a book for everyone, regardless of religion or creed. Perhaps you prefer the crisp style of Bruce Marshall recounting the labors of the Curé of Ars, the deep organ tones of D. B. Wyndham Lewis's materialization of the whole epoch of St. Pius V, or one of the other swift-paced narratives.

The book is packed with intensely human glimpses of men and women who rose above Pascal's denunciation of man. The saints thought of themselves as "monsters incomprehensible," and this low opinion of self was the first step toward the complete love of God.

Francis Beauchesne Thornton is book editor of the Catholic Digest.

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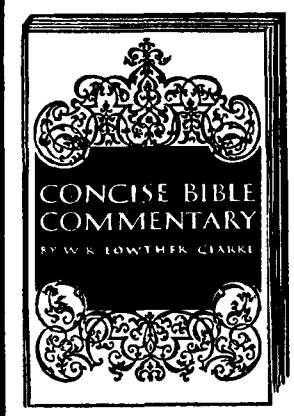
By Peter Quennell



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English Roman

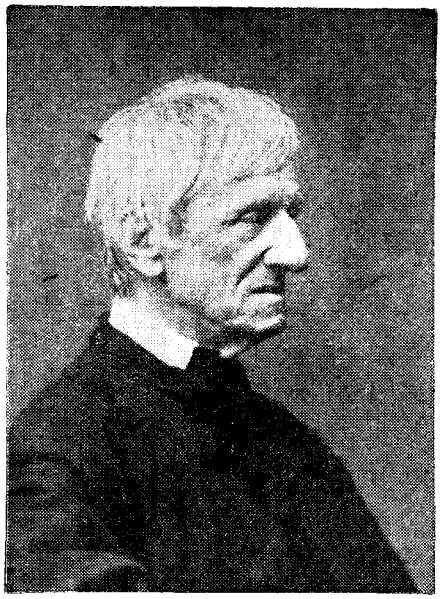
NEWMAN'S WAY. By Sean O'Faolain. New York: Devin-Adair Co. 335 pp. $4.50.

By Anne Fremantle

SHABBY-GENTEEL is hardly our connotation for the great Lost Leader of the Tractarians, but Sean O'Faolain's erudite and elegant biography shows how completely this was the "background" of John Henry, Cardinal Newman. A countryman of James Joyce, it is Proust whom Mr. O'Faolain echoes in the title, and also in the spirit, of his detailed, intimate study. It is still fashionable to be Freudian; it is less pat, but far more profound, to see in the social, rather than the sexual, stresses, what goes to the making of a man. "Newman's Way," cell by cell, building flesh and passions, makes up the mortal frame of the most controversial figure of the Victorian age, of whom one contemporary, Huxley, said "he had the brain of a moderate-sized rabbit" and another, Gladstone, "he was the greatest figure of the century."

The English caste system is still the subtlest in the world, and the most absolute. Even in these days when the BBC accent smothers all others like the nauseous white sauce with which all Anglo-Saxon vegetables are confounded, the Englishman or woman has only to open the mouth to give himself completely away. Mr. O'Faolain shows John Newman, the grocer's son, "bettering" himself in every way by his marriage in 1799 to Jemima Fourdrinier, aged twenty-seven (she was thirty-two, heiress to 5,000 pounds sterling). She insisted on an armorial bookplate, and on having her cutlery engraved with a crest "at a date she must have been hard put to it to have any cutlery at all" (this was in 1827, three years after John Newman had died, having descended from being a banker to being a tavern-keeper, leading a life that hangs midway between Père Goriot and Wilkins Micawber).

John Henry, the eldest son of John and Jemima, with his scholarship to Oxford and his tremendous devotion to his family, grew up the happiest of children, having the most idyllic of childhoods. At Fulham, where men fished for roach and dace and shad,



J. H. Newman "haunt of gypsies."

and the green roll of the Surrey hills could be seen; at Ham, with a dozen acacia trees and apricots bigger than apples, where John Henry and his siblings played at being Ulysses and Argus, and named islands on the Thames for Ithaca and Same; at Norwood, "where the six children saw themselves as a group, and free" on a heath, "the wild beautiful haunt of gypsies"; even at Alton, in spite of their father's bankruptcy, in spite of their aunts' being obliged to take in unprofitable boarders, the young Newmans had a perfectly beautiful time. Indeed, they so much "esteemed their own family as their choicest society" (as their father put it) that, when obliged "to mix, in a simple, goodhumored manner, with any you may happen to fall in with": "It is a great bore," remarked John Henry.

His early awareness of the two only "luminously self-evident beings, himself and his Creator" certainly did not prevent John Henry from accepting the very real responsibilities, at twenty-three, of head of a hungry family of five, without means of subsistence.

Mr. O'Faolain gives a final, moving, picture of the lonely, aging Cardinal compiling his autographic remains "sorting old letters, . . . holding dearly to his memories of boyhood and youth." This book will inevitably be compared with Maisie Ward's "Young Mr. Newman," as well as with the ever-increasing number of volumes about Newman and Bloxham, Newman and Father Dominic, Newman and Keble. But it will be read, and reread, and treasured, for itself alone. For the "silver-tongued" Newman, after luring his Oxonians out of the Establishment, transformed himself into one of the most saintly priests of his day.

Anne Fremantle is the author of the novel, "James and Joan," and "Desert Calling," a biography of Charles de Foucauld. Mrs. Fremantle is the editor of "Mothers," "The Greatest Bible Stories," and "The Wynne Diaries."

Religious Book Notes

WHY CHRISTIANITY LOST CHINA?: The capture of China by Communism has shaken the entire free world. It has also dealt a body blow, almost a death blow, to one of the greatest foreign missionary projects that the churches of America have ever undertaken. Millions of dollars have flowed into China, sent by missionary-minded Americans to build and maintain churches, schools, colleges, and hospitals. Some of our finest men and women have given their lives to this effort to win China for Christ. Now it seems that all this has gone for naught. The American missionaries have been expelled, the mission properties confiscated, and the native Christian leaders are either collaborating with the new regime or are being subjected to persecution, imprisonment, or execution.

But has this magnificent altrustic effort all been in vain? Has no lasting contribution been made to the life of China? Is there no future for Christianity in China? Leonard M. Outerbridge, who has many years of experience in China as a Protestant missionary, gives his answers to these questions in **"The Lost Churches of China"** (Westminster Press, $3.50). Some of the answers are not those the American public would expect or relish. With other of his observations and conclusions many of his colleagues would disagree. But all would agree that this is an honest and valuable appraisal of the complicated Chinese situation, wrought out of personal experience and deep conviction.

In a chapter headed "The Unwitting Contribution of Christendom to the Rise of Communism," Mr. Outerbridge contends that the missionary movement became so closely identified with the political machinations of the West that it was easy and natural for the Chinese to consider the American-supported churches and institutions as "tools of American imperialism" and to turn against them when America consented to the cession of Manchuria to Russia.

Other missionaries will be quick to point out that throughout the history of the movement they and their colleagues have disassociated themselves from the political moves of the West and were in the forefront of those who successfully combated the principle of extraterritoriality, for example.

Mr. Outerbridge also makes the point that the emphasis of the missionaries upon social service work has made it easy for the present regime to absorb the hospitals and schools and discard the distinctively religious work of the churches as

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unimportant and irrelevant. What could be said with greater point is that the educational and social service work of the missionaries did help to spread the democratic spirit and to awaken in the masses a new vision of the possibilities of life for them. This prepared the way for Communism, but it might as readily have prepared the ground for a true democracy if the political developments had turned in that direction. If such had been the case, the ground work of the missionary movement would have been hailed as a great contribution to the cause of democracy.

The author believes that there is a future for the missionary cause in China provided that it takes the form of building a truly indigenous church on the basis of Chinese culture and character, and does not continue to the transplantation of "a western form of Christianity under the leadership of Chinese whose minds have been emptied of their religious heritage." Many missionaries will contend that this has been their aim all along especially in recent years, and still they have been expelled.

The experience in China may have value in shaping missionary policy in other lands. But it is difficult to discern any future for missionary work in China under the present regime. —K. D. M.

The Pauline epistles (Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians) covered in Volume Ten of **"The Interpreter's Bible"** (Abingdon-Cokesbury, $8.75) are high favorites with Bible readers and preachers. For it is in these letters that the sheer beauty of the Apostles' language shines forth most clearly. Moreover, the loftiness of Paul's thought is not so closely interwoven with theological arguments which are difficult for the layman to follow as, for example, is the case in Romans. Nevertheless, these books too need interpreting, and this the fourth of the twelve-volume "Interpreters' Bible" to appear will be cordially welcomed.

The high level of scholarship combined with practicality which characterized the volumes previously published is maintained. Also the list of contributors is illustrative of the broad, ecumenical character of the entire work. Among them are to be found a Methodist, a Congregationalist, two Presbyterians, two Lutherans, and two Anglicans. Two of the contributors are Canadians, and one British, the rest are Americans.

In a work which involves so many contributors there is bound to be a certain amount of unevenness. Some of the expositions contain too much prolix preachification. Despite the suggestions made by Dr. George A. Buttrick, chairman of the editorial board, we are at places given ready-made sermons instead of "kindling suggestions." Also, some of the exegetes have assumed the role of the expositor. However, as a whole, this volume is a worthy addition to this indispensable commentary on the books of the Bible. —K. D. M.

THE CATHOLIC POSITION: In the current controversy about the role of the Roman Catholic Church in national and world affairs, Catholic authorities have apparently concluded that their position may be best set forth not by acrimonious dispute but by careful and well-reasoned exposition.

At any rate, Elizabeth M. Lynskey's **"The Government of the Catholic Church"** (P. J. Kenedy, $2), presents the Catholic position in a non-argumentative, straight-forward, and clear manner. These books are prompted by the attacks spearheaded by Paul Blanshard, Thomas Sugrue, and others, but they are not polemical in spirit.

The author of this book is a professor of political science at Hunter College and brings to her discussion of the problem Catholic scholarship of the highest order. The book is a clear delineation of the form and functions of the government of the Catholic church on the local, national, and world levels.

In view of the still unresolved dispute as to the appointment of an American ambassador to the Vatican, of particular interest is Professor Lynskey's exposition of the Catholic position distinguishing between the Vatican City as a secular state and the Vatican as the seat of Papal government of a world-wide church.

One does not have to accept the point of view of the author or her conclusions to appreciate the clarity of her exposition. Catholics and non-Catholics alike should know where the Catholic Church stands in these questions and why. Then both support and opposition of that position will be intelligently based. —K. D. M.

TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA: A little pamphlet deserving attention because it deals with one of the most explosive situations in the world is N. A. Visser't Hooft's **"Christianity, Race, and the South African People"** (World Council of Churches, New York, 25¢). This report grew out of a visit to South Africa in 1952 by Dr. Visser't Hooft, the general secretary of the World Council.

It is a brief survey of the whole complicated race problem in South Africa and the relationship of the churches to it. The discovery of diamonds and gold in South Africa has

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transformed the old patriarchal type of society into an industrial society. Outnumbering the whites five to one, the Bantus, Zulus, and Indians are now flocking into the industrial centers, thus accentuating the racial tensions. If the whites were united the problem would be difficult enough, but they are divided between the Afrikaans and the English-speaking population, and their opposition to one another is bitter.

The Dutch Reformed Churches have been intimately and closely tied in with the culture of the Afrikaans and accordingly have given moral support to the official policies of the Government including that of apartheid or segregation. Dr. Visser't Hooft reports that there is a growing realization on the part of these churches that some more serious attempt should be made to approach the race problem in the light of Christian principle.

It is a situation full of dynamite. Charges and counter-charges abound. Even this little pamphlet has been violently attacked as pro-Afrikaan. Some very wise leadership must come out of the United Nations and the World Council of Churches, too, if an explosion of great violence is to be avoided and some just solution to this acute race problem found.—K. D. M.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HISTORY: Possibly aware of the fact that the general public is confused and baffled by the multiplicity of churches in this country, a definite effort seems to be under way to clarify this muddled situation and to explain the distinctive teaching of the various churches. There are recent books which tell what it means to be a Protestant or a Catholic or a Jew and those which tell the story of the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Friends, and other denominations.

Norman Beasley's **"The Cross and the Crown"** (Little, Brown, $6) is a history of the Christian Science Church. The story is told in detail and with much documentation. We are taken step by step through Mary Baker Eddy's early lonely search for the truth and her difficulties with rebellious followers, orthodox churchmen, and medical authorities. Similarly, there is an extensive record of the discussions and disputes incident to the effecting of a working organization, a uniform ritual for the church and the building of the two-million-dollar Mother Church in Boston.

The author is not a Scientist, nor is he a scientific historian. He draws a complimentary picture of the personality of the founder, Mrs. Eddy, and of the faith which has won the loyalty of so many people over the past seventy-five years. As a consequence, Christian Scientists will treasure this volume.

Others will find it a valuable sourcebook for the understanding of one of the few religious movements the origins of which are purely American. But for a truly objective historical judgment of Christian Science and its founder, it would be necessary to balance this book with others which take into account historical data and interpretations which Mr. Beasley ignores.
—K. D. M.

FAITH OF A JEW: While Franz Rosenzweig will be remembered primarily for his contribution to Jewish thought, his stature as a philosopher, writer, and teacher transcends all faiths. His story, as told in Naham N. Glatzer's **"The Life and Thought of Franz Rosenzweig"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $5), is typical of many Jewish intellectuals both here and abroad. In his home in Germany religion was given but lip-service. But as he began his studies at the university his interest in philosophy brought him face to face with the religious question. He began to question the validity of philosophical idealism and became convinced that a vital religious faith was necessary for him and his contemporaries.

He was moving in the direction of accepting the Christian faith of the Protestant Church when a vivid religious experience on the Day of Atonement made it clear to him that the path for him and other Jewish intellectuals lay in the direction of revitalizing the faith and practice of Judaism. Rosenzweig then set out to share this experience with others by means of the Freies Judisches Lehrhaus and its program of adult education and through his writings. The life and thought of this interesting individual is portrayed in Mr. Glatzer's book by means of extracts from his letters, his diary, and his other writings. This book has introduced this reviewer to a most stimulating personality. —K. D. M.

SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE OF A CHINESE: Presently professor and director of the Institute of Eastern Studies at Seton Hall University, Dr. Paul K. T. Sih has had an interesting career as a diplomat in the service of the Nationalist Government of China. But it is of his more important spiritual pilgrimage that Dr. Sih writes in his personal narrative, **"From Confucius to Christ"** (Sheed & Ward, $3).

Steeped from youth in the ancient culture of China with its veneration of Confucius, from his student days Dr. Sih was exposed to a variety of spiritual influences—atheism, Protestantism (including the Moral Rearmament movement), and Roman Catholicism. When he left China he was still spiritually adrift, although he had an especially warm feeling in his heart for Catholicism due to his contacts with some of his compatriots to whom that faith had come with transforming power.

The book tells how that warmth of

Reading for Jews

DR. LUDWIG LEWISOHN, leading novelist, critic, and Jewish scholar, now professor at Brandeis University, recommends the following books of Jewish interest.

YISROEL: The First Jewish Omnibus. Edited by Joseph Leftwich. New York: Beechurst Press. $6.

THESE ARE YOUR CHILDREN. Edited by Harold U. Ribalow. New York: Beechurst Press. $4.50.

THE LANDSMEN. By Peter Martin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75.

UNAMBO. By Max Brod. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.

IN THE MORNING LIGHT. By Charles Angoff. New York: Beechurst Press. $4.50.

THE JUGGLER. By Michael Blankfort. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.

ASPHALT AND DESIRE. By Frederick Morton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.

THE BOOK OF JOACHIM OF BABYLON. By Marnix Gijsen. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $2.

ANNE FRANK: The Diary of a Young Girl. Translated by B. M. Mooyaert-Doubleday. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.

A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Salo W. Baron. New York: Columbia University Press. Two vols. $12.50.

THE GREAT JEWISH BOOKS. Edited by Samuel Caplan and Harold U. Ribalow. New York: Horizon Press. $3.75.

ECLIPSE OF GOD. By Martin Buber. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

AT THE TURNING. By Martin Buber. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $1.50.

ISRAEL AND PALESTINE. By Martin Buber. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75.

THE DEVIL THAT FAILED. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

CHOOSE LIFE: The Biblical Call to Revolt. By Eric Gutkind. New York: Henry Schuman. $4.

THE MAGIC CARPET. By Shlomo Barer. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

PORTRAITS ETCHED IN STONE. By David de Sola Poole. New York: Columbia University Press. $10.

A TICKET TO ISRAEL. By Judy Shepard and Alvin Rosenfeld. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.75.

THE ARAB REFUGEE PROBLEM. By Joseph Schectman. New York: Philosophical Library. $3.

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feeling developed into a questing spirit and a deep spiritual longing which was satisfied by his baptism and reception into the Catholic faith. Determining in his experience were the winsome personalities with whom he came in contact. It is through such media that religious experience is best mediated. —K. D. M.

FINE JEWISH WRITING: Twenty years ago, when Hitler first decided to go into the book-burning business as a preliminary to the body-burning business, Joseph Leftwich, an indefatigable British editor and translator, published **"Yisröel"** (Beechhurst, $6). This is a large, 721-page anthology of seventy-six short stories written by Jews and, in most cases, about Jews. Hitler's book-burning career is over; Leftwich's collection has enjoyed countless printings in England, a 1945 revision, and now a first American edition. It is a minor victory of a sort.

"Yisröel" includes stories from various languages, including English, German, Yiddish, Hebrew, French, Russian, Dutch, and Czech. Naturally, the volume is, in parts, rather dated, for the editor did not revise the anthology for the contemporary American audience. Thus, the American section, for example, contains tales by Ludwig Lewisohn, Edna Ferber, Waldo Frank, and only four others. Countless significant American-Jewish writers are not represented. This is true also of the Yiddish and Hebrew sections. The giants of Hebrew literature are here, but none of the younger Hebrew writers who speak for contemporary Israel. The finest and richest section is that devoted to German-Jewish writers. Because of what happened in Germany during the past two decades, it cannot be said that the writers included in this section are not representative of the best German-Jewish writing. Hitler saw to it that there were no others. So you can find Heine, Nordau, Herzl, Schnitzler, Wassermann, Stefan and Arnold Zweig, Kafka, Brod, Feuchtwanger, and Werfel.

The tales themselves are in all moods and on an infinite number of themes, largely because the editor has not limited his selections to stories about Jews in all cases. Kafka, for instance, never wrote a story about Jews, but he is here, just as Edna Ferber is represented by "Old Man Minick." With whatever minor flaws "Yisröel" has, it is a generous and intriguing selection, one of the outstanding Jewish anthologies now available.

—Harold U. Ribalow.

PROTESTANT PREACHING AT ITS BEST: Since 1907, the Chicago Sunday Evening Club has been a significant institution, not only in the life of that city, but in the Protestant world of America. Held in Orchestra Hall in the heart of the Loop, the meetings of the club have featured sermons by the top-ranking preachers of the country, music of an extraordinary quality, and an atmosphere of an inclusive friendly fellowship.

Alton M. Motter's **"Sunday Evening Sermons"** (Harper, $2.50) is the first published collection of sermons delivered at the Sunday Evening Club, and appropriately is dedicated to its founder and first president, Clifford W. Barnes. It is a sampling of Protestant preaching at its best. Among the fifteen preachers whose sermons are included are Elton Trueblood, Angus Dun, Frank C. Laubach, Henry Hitt Crane, Ralph W. Sockman, Liston Pope, G. Bromley Oxnam, and Benjamin E. Mays.

As Dr. Fosdick says in his foreword: "The sermons run snugly close to human need, are relevant to our pressing problems, deal with realistic life situations, and bring the gospel to bear on the urgent difficulties of our time." —K. D. M.

EXCITING RELIGIOUS DRAMA: Who would ever think that the Council of Nicaea and its theological disputes could ever serve as a thrilling climax to a drama? Yet here it is in Dorothy L. Sayers's **"The Emperor Constantine"** (Harper, $2.50): the bitter debates between Arius and his followers with Athanasius and the other bishops revolving around the question as to whether Christ can properly be called "consubstantial with the Father." And, believe it or not, it is exciting drama. Only a Dorothy Sayers could do that.

This is the story of the life and times of the first Christian Emperor cast in dramatic form. It was actually produced as a play during the Festival of Britain. The life story of Constantine has many of the elements of drama in it—the waging of war, political machinations, and private intrigue. Miss Sayers makes full use of all of that in her drama. But those of us who have attended ecclesiastical assemblages and listened to theological debates are more often bored than excited, and it is a revelation that the theological debates of 325 A.D. about issues almost forgotten can be made dramatic.

Through her gifted writing (best known in her mystery stories), her deep religious sense, and her astonishing grasp of the historical background of Christianity, Dorothy Sayers has discovered a new way to make church history, theology, and religion come alive. —K. D. M.

COURAGE THROUGH THE AGES: Paul Tillich, professor of philosophical theology at Union Theological Seminary, is

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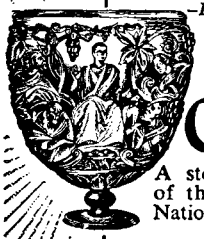

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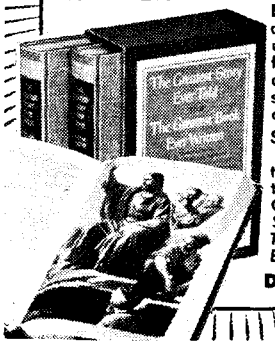

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one of the most prominent of contemporary Protestant theologians. In **"The Courage to Be"** (Yale University Press, $3) the twenty-seventh series of Terry Lectures at Yale, he addresses himself to the problems of anxiety and courage as they afflict our modern age. Plato spoke of courage both as one of the elements of the soul and as an attribute of the guardian class in the ideal society. Other philosophers, too, have approached the problem and the author traces their views through the Middle Ages, on up to the current scene. He especially praises the Stoics and shows how they espoused a philosophy of courage which could conquer life and death alike.

But the history of the philosophy of courage is only one of the author's concerns. He demonstrates that courage is both an ethical and an ontological problem and emphasizes particularly the latter issue in his treatise. There are three kinds of anxiety, the anxiety of fate and death, of emptiness and meaninglessness, and of guilt and condemnation, and different periods of history exemplify these three varieties. There are similarly three kinds of courage—of participation, of individualization, and of transcendence. The ultimate courage to be is an absolute faith which transcends theism itself and discovers "the God above God." "The courage to be is rooted in the God who appears when God has disappeared in the anxiety of doubt." This final sentence of his book is only one of many in which the theologian's insight is clouded a bit by his penchant for paradox. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

REDISCOVERING AN EVANGELIST: One does not have to be very ancient to remember when Henry Drummond was a name to conjure with in religious circles. James W. Kennedy's **"Henry Drummond: An Anthology"** (Harper, $3) is designed to enable Christians of today to rediscover this remarkable personality.

A convert and follower of Dwight L. Moody, Drummond became a flaming evangelist in his own right. But Drummond was radically different from Moody. He was an intellectual who accepted the pre-suppositions of science which many of Moody's followers thought were of the Devil. Drummond did not possess Moody's power to sway large audiences. His forte was rather with individuals and small groups. But, above all, his was a winsome personality who drew men not so much to himself as to the Christ.

The author has made Drummond live again and for that we should be thankful. After a few brief chapters outlining Drummond's life and work, some of his more significant writings are reprinted. "The Greatest Thing in the World" is given in its entirety, as is the epoch-making address "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and the famous Lowell lecture "The Ascent of Man."

A master in "the cure of souls," Drummond has a message for those interested in personal counselling and in the transmission of a vital religious experience. —K. D. M.

THE MODERN CHRISTIAN FAMILY: It is unfortunate that the title of Maisie Ward's **"Be Not Solicitous"** (Sheed & Ward, $3) gives no hint of the nature and content of the book. The subtitle: "Sidelights on the Providence of God and the Catholic Family" is better, but still not adequate. For this is a forthright defense of the Catholic conception of the family. Maisie Ward first decribes the strains to which the Christian family is subjected by the secularistic influences of modern life. Then she illustrates her points by presenting a series of "human interest" stories indicating how the writers had met their problems in the light of Catholic principles.

How to combat the evils of divorce, how to have a happy family life though poor, how to deal with trials and tribulations, how to justify (and support) a large family of children—these are some of the topics dealt with in these vignettes of personal experience. This is no sociological treatise or theological homily. It is purely an interesting human document. Accordingly, it makes its point.

—K. D. M.

FAIRY-TALE WITH A MORAL: The versatility of Gerald Heard is truly astonishing. His books have proven him to be a philosopher, a scientist, a theologian, a mystic, and a writer of mystery stories. Now, in **"Gabriel and the Creatures"** (Harper, $3.50), he offers a fairy-tale.

—By Susanne Suba from "Gabriel and the Creatures."

But in and through these tales one finds presented scientific facts and hypotheses, a philosophy of life, and even a religious element, personified by Gabriel, the Archangel. For, through these sketches, there is spelled out for us the great saga of the mammals and their development through the evolutionary process. Heard gives to the creatures magic gifts and wizard powers, but also the power of choice. For whether the creatures in their upward climb veered from the main-stream of life or kept close to the center of things depended on how often and how closely they listened to the always available words of Gabriel. In the end only "Scratch-Scalp" made the grade, for only he clung throughout to sensitiveness and general interest, curiosity and wonder and so became man the master of all beasts. The big, brutal, and over-armed animals all fell by the wayside. A delightful book, made the more so by the black-and-white illustrations of Susanne Suba.

—K. D. M.

RELIGION AND THE SCHOOLS: The problem of religion in the schools, dealt with in a series of lectures given at New York's Institute for Religious and Social Studies, and now put into book form as **"American Education and Religion"** (Harper, $2), is one of America's most important and controversial questions. Most articles and books written on this subject reflect a partisan point of view, based more on emotional reaction than on an intelligent consideration of all the factors involved. Such special pleading is reflected in the discussions of the subject in these lectures by well-known educators of all faiths and of no faith. But here they are all brought together so that readers can check one argument against others and compare the widely varying conclusions reached.

However, the book would not have great value were it not for the contribution of the editor, Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, who makes a statement of the problem at the outset and closes with a summary and conclusion. Dr. Johnson has a gift for seeing all sides of a question, of separating the important elements in it from the irrelevant and, above all, of defining the meaning of the terms used. He is insistent that we know exactly what we mean by "religion" and by "teaching religion" and that we be clear on what the separation of church and state means and what it does not mean.

Dr. Johnson's own point of view is that the public school can teach objectively about religion. To ignore it is to divorce religion from the main

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stream of culture as it flows through educational channels. But at the same time he takes the position that no religious creed can be advocated or taught in the public-school system.

The American people is in the process of re-examining the role in American life of religion and of education, public and private. A book like this will help us to approach this re-examination with more light and less heat. —K. D. M.

GULF BETWEEN CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM: Most churchmen will know the reasons why the Roman Catholic Church has remained aloof from the ecumenical movement and the World Council of Churches. But many laymen, both Protestant and Catholic, feel that all of the Christian churches of the world should be able to join forces on some basis.

W. H. VanDePol's **"The Christian Dilemma"** (translated by C. Van Hall and published by Philosophical Library at $4.75) outlines very clearly why any such relationship is impossible. The author is a Dutch convert from Protestantism to Catholicism. Accordingly, he knows both sides of the question of church union. While he states and defends the Catholic position that true Christian unity can be accomplished only in "the one true visible church," he also writes understandingly of the Protestant point of view.

Although Dr. VanDePol's discussion of Christian unity is carried on in a spirit quite ironic, the reader is never left in doubt as to the position of the Catholic Church and the reasoning that leads to an uncompromising adherence to it. —K. D. M.

SERMONS FOR COMMUNION WITH GOD: No one has set a higher standard for the Protestant pulpit than Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin. Both as the minister of the Madison Avenue Church in New York and as president of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Coffin was an inspiration to the congregations and the students who sat at his feet.

"Communion through Preaching" (Scribner, $2.50) embodies lectures he originally delivered to theological students and clergy of the Anglican communion. But it was not the composition of the original audience but deep conviction as to the function of the preacher which led him to his basic thesis that preaching should be sacramental. That is to say, the preacher should bring people to face communion with God.

Dr. Coffin is impatient with preaching of a lower order, of which Protestantism has all too much. Ministerial chit-chat, talks on current events, diatribes against some social evil, advocacy of this movement or that crusade, pseudo-psychological treatments of personality problems debase the mission of the pulpit, he contends.

The book abounds in illustrations of the way preachers can make God real and near, given vividness and force by unusual texts and the skilful use of quotations and illustrations so characteristic of the author's own preaching. —K. D. M.

OBJECTIVE REPORT ON CONTEMPORARY RELIGION: Herbert W. Schneider, probably the most competent and certainly the shrewdest of contemporary observers of religion, explores in **"Religion in Twentieth Century America"** (Harvard University Press, $4.25) the changes which have occurred in religion during the first half of the present century. By religion he means not theology but rather religious experience itself as it has survived the shocks and reacted to the events of the last fifty years. He finds many changes, which he discusses under such subjects as the transformation of the Sabbath, the modern urban churches, the outward prosperity of religion, the public status of religious institutions, religious education, the state of missions, ecumenical trends, the religious press, religious lobbies, current views of religion, theories of worship, changes in religious architecture, trends toward public worship, and the new relationship between religion and clinical psychology. His book, as he says, is a report, not a sermon, on these and many other matters.

Many apologists for their own versions and perversions of religion will find the author's non-sectarian wit a little too cool to be comfortable. He suggests, for example, that the now popular "retreats" indulged in by some religious groups may be little more than "sanctified picnics"; he regrets that organized religion is not yet enlightened enough to tolerate unorganized irreligion; he remarks that "it takes more than a papal encyclical to prevent the thoughts of Martin Buber, Gabriel Marcel, Jacques Maritain, Paul Tillich, and Nicholas Berdyaev from influencing each other"; he asserts that religious illiteracy is only one of the evils of our day—the other is illiterate religion; and he knows that "the more powerful a faith becomes, the more ready it is to identify its cause with the public welfare."

But neither the author's wit nor his sophistication can conceal his good sense and sound judgment. The "wall of separation" between church and state may be a political desideratum, but it is a sociological impossibility. On the one hand, anything that pretends

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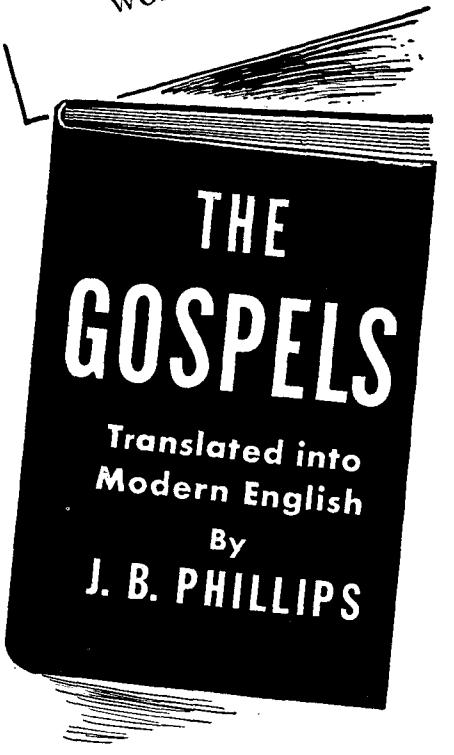

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to perform a public service must become an object of public attention and, on the other, "nothing is safe from ecclesiastical concern." Therefore, "responsible citizens and democratic governments have a manifest duty not to be 'neutral' toward religion, nor 'benevolent' toward any kind of religion whatsoever, nor hostile to all religions, but critically concerned for the humaneness and nobility of the various faiths which exercise public functions." It is conclusions like these, to say nothing of the total treatment, which make this book so distinguished an addition to the new Library of Congress Series in American Civilization. —R. B.

WHAT QUAKERS BELIEVE: No religious group in America is better and more favorably known by the general public than the Society of Friends. This is due in a large measure to the social service program of the American Friends Service Committee. The projects undertaken by this Committee at home and abroad during the two World Wars and in the reconstruction period which has followed each of them has won universal commendation because of the intelligent and imaginative way in which they have been conceived and the able manner in which they have been administered.

But back of this social service program lie deep religious convictions without which the humanitarian outreach would never have been undertaken. Harold Brinton's **"Friends for Three Hundred Years"** (Harper, $3) deals with the three centuries of history of the Quakers and more especially with its beliefs.

Mr. Brinton, director of Pendle Hill, is concerned here to sketch the development of the central ideas of Quakerism and to point out the shifts in emphasis that have taken place from time to time. The mystical, the evangelical, the rational, and the humanitarian forms of religion have all had a prominent place in the life and thought of the Friends. The present emphasis upon social service is not understandable without reference to the Quaker doctrine of "concern," nor indeed without an understanding of the mystical face-to-face contact with God so characteristic of the Quakers. —K. D. M.

JEWISH BEGINNINGS: In recent years there has been a spate of one-volume histories of the Jews. This is in direct contrast to the works of some generations back when Heinrich Graetz and Simon Dubnow wrote massive and great histories of an ancient and endlessly fascinating people. Now, Dr. Salo W. Baron, who in 1937 first published **"A Social and Religious History of the Jews"** (second edition, revised and enlarged, Volumes I and II, Ancient Times, Columbia University Press, $12.50), is embarked on what may well prove to be a larger and more comprehensive as well as contemporary, seven-volume study.

Dr. Baron, who is professor of Jewish History at Columbia University, announces that these first two volumes will be followed by two on the medieval period and two more on modern times. The final volume will be a complete annotated bibliography and cumulative index. This is a rather far cry from the many—some surprisingly thin—one-volume Jewish histories.

The two volumes now available are devoted to ancient Judaism from its inception to the end of the Talmudic period. Dr. Baron explains his view of the philosophy of Jewish history and within the great framework of this project he describes the various important Jewish religious sects, narrates the stories of the many wars and rebellions in which the Jews participated, and devotes a chapter to the influence of Christianity on Jewish history. He makes the point, in a preface to the new edition, that in view of the immense upheavals in Jewish life during the past few decades "the whole historic career of the Jewish people appears in a new light." Also, new discoveries in archeology and in biblical scholarship necessitate reexamination of Jewish history. His reexamination, his vast scholarship, and his ability to write good English prose lead us to look forward to the completion of this great work which is bound to rank with the most impressive and penetrating in Jewish historiography. —H. U. R.

INSPIRATION: In his introduction to **"The Power of Positive Thinking"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95), Dr. Norman Vincent Peale states: "This book is written to suggest techniques and give examples which demonstrate that you do not need to be defeated by anything, that you can have peace of mind, improved health, and a never-ceasing flow of energy."

That is a large order. But this book is on the list of best sellers, and the messages which Dr. Peale is giving from the pulpit of New York's Marble Collegiate Church, in his newspaper column, in the magazine *Guideposts*, and now on the television program which he shares with Mrs. Peale, are finding an eager response from those who want to know above all else what are "the scientific yet simple principles of achievement, health, and happiness."

Dr. Peale illustrates his points by examples drawn from his own experience with individuals who have found the secret of "happy and successful living." Many of these cases are of men and women prominent in the business or professional world. They have found release from worry, tension, fear, inferiority complexes, the downward pull of poor health, unpopularity, or lack of drive.

There will be many who will not accept Dr. Peale's conception of "happy and successful living" and who would even challenge the assumption that to be happy and successful is the chief end of man. —K. D. M.

REBEL AGAINST LIBERALISM: Out of comparative oblivion there is brought to our attention in Robert McAfee Brown's **"P. T. Forsyth: Prophet for Today"** (Westminster Press, $3.50) the life and work of a British Congregational churchman of a generation back (1848-1921). Fifty or more years before anyone ever heard the terms "The Theology of Crisis," "Realistic Theology," or "Neo-Orthodoxy," Forsyth was in revolt against the theological liberalism of his day and turning to a way of thinking that is now becoming increasingly familiar. Forsyth's discovery that liberalism was inadequate for him and that he was a sinner led him "to turn from a Christian to a believer, from a lover of love to an object of grace."

A good part of the book is devoted to an indictment of theological liberalism through the words of Forsyth, although it is difficult at times to discover where Forsyth stops and Brown (or Niebuhr) begins. Like so many of his school of thought, Professor Brown, one of Niebuhr's most brilliant disciples, misinterprets, misjudges, and underestimates theological liberalism at its best, and chooses an extremist like R. J. Campbell as a straw man.

Furthermore, Professor Brown has a tendency to exalt what is in realty but a welcome shift in emphasis to the position of a system of theology that has just now been divinely revealed, complete, final, definitive. The book has the virtue of laying his theological position (and that of Forsyth) clearly on the line, without obscuring it by paradoxes and other obfuscating verbiage. The affirmations of this new theological emphasis (so reminiscent of a theology of quite ancient vintage) can certainly be made without ignoring entirely the significant affirmations which are as characteristic of theological liberalism as are some of its now obvious weaknesses.

—K. D. M.

RELIGION IN YOUNG AMERICA: The Revolutionary era brought to the United States not only political independence but also a breaking of Old World

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religious ties, the separation of church and state, and a weakening of the bonds of theological absolutism. Calvinism, dominant in the colonial period, soon began to dissolve as Eastern Unitarians and Universalists affirmed the benevolence of God and Western evangelists aroused rapturous hope of salvation for every sinner. The tremendous activity within Christianity in the nation's formative years is clearly described in William Warren Sweet's **"Religion in the Development of American Culture, 1765-1840"** (Scribner's, $3.50), the second of his planned four volumes on the history of religion in America. It is an able survey of an important subject that has too long been slighted or studied piecemeal.

Mr. Sweet emphasizes the influence of the frontier upon the churches and, in turn, the role of religion as a cultural force taming Western barbarism. A church's success in becoming "typically American" depended upon its ability to devise new patterns congruous with Western ideals. The frontier demanded soul-stirring preaching, home mission societies, the founding of new colleges, and modification of aristocratic doctrine. Evangelical Protestant churches, especially the Baptist and Methodist, displayed a genius for meeting these needs.

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

A KIERKEGAARD SAMPLER: A poet-philosopher himself, it is appropriate that W. H. Auden should be the one to present in **"The Living Thoughts of Kierkegaard"** (David McKay, $2.50) the thoughts of a man who was "often brilliantly poetic and often deeply philosophical." Yet it is the depth of Auden's religious insights that makes his interpretation of the Danish philosopher and theologian especially valuable. For, above all else, Kierkegaard was an expounder and defender of Christian doctrine and Christian conduct.

In his preface to this volume of selections, Auden identifies Kierkegaard's major concerns as a polemic against the bourgeois Protestantism of his time and the struggle with his own suffering. These two major concerns and Kierkegaard's differentiation between esthetic religion, ethical religion, and the revealed religion of Christianity are brought out in the selections made from his writings and in the interspersed comments of the editor. Thrown in for good measure is a brief explanation of existentialism.

As Kierkegaard is more often quoted than read, the chief value of this book may be the quickening of a desire to gain a first-hand knowledge of the writings of one whose name is so often used in support of present-day trends in theology.

—K. D. M.

CHRISTIAN-CENTERED VIEW OF RELIGION: The usual conception of comparative religion today is that it belongs, as a discipline, to philosophy proper, draws its data from history and anthropology, and derives its conclusions in accordance with sociological principles. This is not, however, the conception which informs Edward J. Jurji's **"The Christian Interpretation of Religion"** (Macmillan, $4.50). Mr. Jurji, a Syrian-born and Beirut-educated Presbyterian minister who teaches Islamics at Princeton, believes that comparative religion is a sub-division of religion itself, and more specifically of the Christian religion. He attempts here, in other words, not an objective account of the religions of the world, but rather an interpretation of these religions from the point of view of Christianity.

The result is far from satisfactory. In his discussions Mr. Jurji ranges far and wide—into the religions of the primitives, the religions of antiquity, Shintoism, Hinduism, Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity, and pauses by the way to consider Babylonian mythologies, Druidic rituals, and Greek cults and philosophies. But these accounts, except of course in the case of Christianity, are seldom sympathetic. All other religions suffer in comparison with Christianity and all are judged to be degraded insofar as they fail to reflect the truth of the Gospel. The author's ethnocentrism, apparent in almost every sentence of his book, may not be a theological vice, but it violates most of the recognized canons of objective scholarship. —R.B.

PIONEER NEW YORK JEWS: In 1954 American Jewry will mark the tercentenary of its settlement in the United States. The organized Jewish community is now busily working on the celebration planned for that significant event and, more or less as an outgrowth of the developing interest in American Jewish history, the past few years have witnessed the publication of a large number of volumes devoted to the history of Jews in America. None of the books already published—or planned—will be more readable, or useful, than Rabbi David de Sola Pool's **"Portraits Etched in Stone"** (Columbia University Press, $10). Rabbi Pool has drawn his history from the Chatham Square Cemetery, the second oldest existing cemetery in New York City. Its history began in 1682 and Rabbi Pool, in narrating it, tells how the cemetery was acquired by Congregation Shearith Israel and how it was later used

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By SAMUEL TERRIEN. This book will bring everyone a clear understanding and deep appreciation of the religious and literary value of the Psalms. "An excellent, brief interpretation of one of the best known books of the Bible."
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—*Columbus Dispatch.* $2.75

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by Washington's troops in the War of Independence.

But far more interesting than the cemetery itself is the tale of those who lie buried beneath its tombstones. These 179 Jews, noble and humble, were pioneers of American Jewry and from many of them have sprung some of the most notable Jews in America, including Supreme Court Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo, Bernard Baruch, and Arthur Hays Sulzberger. Rabbi Pool has ransacked the archives of Congregation Shearith Israel as well as the records of its families and of New York City. He has written biographies which are intensely fascinating and dramatic. Here is a slice of American history, one of which America and Jewry can well be proud.

—H.U.R.

THOUGHT OF A DISTINGUISHED JEWISH THEOLOGIAN: Professor of Jewish philosophy of religion and ethics at the University of Frankfurt before the war, and professor of social philosophy at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem afterwards, Martin Buber has steadily published books which have won for him a reputation as one of the foremost Jewish theologians of the present day. At the moment, having retired from his teaching post, he is director of the Institute for Adult Education in Israel, an institute which he founded in 1949 and which trains teachers for the awesome task of integrating immigrants into the community life of the new country.

During the past year three of his books have been published in the United States. In **"Israel and Palestine"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $2.95) he traces the history of the idea of Zion. It seems to him that this idea is not simply another "national concept" which in its sociological sense includes tradition, character, custom, destiny, and vocation, but rather an almost mystical unification of a holy land and a holy people. The idea of Zion therefore has a deeper meaning and one which he advises his people not to surrender in their ambition to build a strong political community.

In **"Eclipse of God"** (Harper, $2.50), a series of lectures delivered at American universities, Professor Buber discusses the relations between philosophy and religion. Philosophy, he believes, "holds fast" to an image of God or even a faith in God, while religion holds fast to God Himself. **"At the Turning"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $1.50), contains three lectures on Judaism delivered at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York in 1951. All of these books, but particularly the second and third, serve as excellent introductions to Buber's thought.

—R. B.

THOMISTIC REASON: When a Thomist praises the logical positivists one may well wonder what he is up to. Jacques Maritain, the distinguished Thomist philosopher, does just this in the first chapter of his new book **"The Range of Religion"** (Scribner's, $3.50), and it is perhaps unnecessary to add that he knows precisely what he is doing. He is grateful to the logical positivists for having shown that what he calls an "empiriological" approach can never tell us what a thing is and can never provide us with a definition of its essence. It can only tell us how a thing can be observed and measured and indicate what its impact upon experience will be. Logical positivism therefore, by its abdication from essence, merely proclaims the need for metaphysics, the need for a second or "ontological" kind of knowledge. There is still a third kind of knowledge, poetic knowledge, which is based upon "connaturality," and this too owns a proper sphere in the delineation of the real.

All this, however, comes from only one of the essays. Ten of the chapters are from *"Raison et Raisons,"* published previously in France, and the other seven are drawn from miscellaneous periodicals. As usual, Maritain is both lucid and profound and whatever his subject—whether artistic judgment, atheism, Machiavellianism, democracy, Christain humanism, justice, freedom, faith, or God.

—R. B.

A TILLICH SAMPLER: With the publication of **"The Theology of Paul Tillich"** (edited by Charles W. Kegley and Robert N. Bretall and published by Macmillan at $5.50) is initiated an ambitious "Library of Living Theology." Such a project is in itself testimony that theology is coming into its own rightful position of primary importance in the religious life of America.

The selection of Paul Tillich, professor of systematic theology at Union Theological Seminary, as the subject of the first volume properly identifies him as one of the great theologians of the Western world along with Reinhold Niebuhr, Henry Nelson Wieman, Emil Brunner, and Karl Barth, whose work will be dealt with in succeeding volumes of the "Library."

The pattern of the book includes an intellectual autobiography, essays of interpretation and criticism of Tillich's work by outstanding contemporary philosophers and theologians; a brief reply by Professor Tillich to the criticisms made and questions raised by the commentators; and, finally, a complete bibliography of Tillich's writings to date.

In his most interesting and stimulating intellectual autobiography, Professor Tillich tells the story of his intellectual development, first in his native Germany, and, then, since his removal from his post by Hitler in 1933, in the United States. Both a philosopher and a theologian, Tillich has been classified as an existentialist in philosophy and a realist in theology. This reviewer finds it difficult to pigeon-hole one whose thinking is so original, creative, and individualistic.

The editors suggest in their introduction that anyone who cannot appreciate Tillich's thought "has probably ceased to think." Some of us find Tillich himself easier to understand than the theologians and philosophers who "interpret" his writing. No doubt this is due to the fact that Tillich is a great preacher as well as a theologian.

—K. D. M.

CHRISTIANITY VS. COMMUNISM: Our press, our magazines, and our pulpits resound with attacks on Communism, its principles and practices. However, all too few of these diatribes are based on a thoroughgoing study of Communism. Indeed, such study is definitely discouraged. To be found reading Karl Marx nowadays is to invite investigation for subversive thinking.

Edward Rogers, author of **"A Christian Commentary on Communism"** (Frederick A. Praeger, $3.50), is a British Methodist church leader. He contends that the Soviet Revolution of 1917 was one of the turning points in human history and that since the philosophy of Communism commands the allegiance of such a large proportion of the population of the world it is high time that we studied it and understood it if we are to combat it intelligently.

Accordingly, Dr. Rogers has given us a careful, well-documented study of the basic ideas of Communism and of the way in which these ideas have been put into practice. Thorough expositions of the teaching of Marx, of Leninism, and of Stalinism are followed in each case by a commentary wrought out of deep and sound Christian convictions.

The publication of this book in this country should be welcomed by those who believe that our opposition to Communism should not be purely emotional, but based on an intelligent understanding of it in the light of our Christian faith.

—K. D. M.

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Religious Bookshelf

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is a highly selective but representative checklist of religious books published during 1952 and thus far this year:

Religion in World Crisis

AMERICAN EDUCATION AND RELIGION: The Problem of Religion in the Schools. Edited by F. Ernest Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros. $2. Reviewed in this issue.

CATHOLICISM AND AMERICAN FREEDOM. By James M. O'Neill. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A thoughtful reply to Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power," written "in defense of American Catholics." In three detailed sections the author deals with Catholic support of American freedom, Catholic belief and practice, and, finally, Blanshard's attack.

A CATHOLIC SPEAKS HIS MIND: On America's Religious Conflict. By Thomas Sugrue. New York: Harper & Bros. $1. A brief, dynamic essay deploring Church prejudice against self-criticism and calling for Americans of all faiths to disavow sectarianism because "we must begin somewhere, in some way, and since now there abides with us so little of faith and hope, we have but charity."

CHOOSE LIFE: The Biblical Call to Revolt. By Eric Gutkind. New York: Henry Schuman. $4. Asking if we must accept the present world crisis as the inevitable human condition, the author examines "the universality of the Jewish experiences and their applicability to all men" and asserts that to restore and continue the Biblical Revolution "is the only exit still open for mankind."

A CHRISTIAN COMMENTARY ON COMMUNISM. By Edward Rogers, M.A., B.D. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $3.50. Reviewed in this issue.

CHRISTIANITY, RACE, AND SOUTH AFRICAN PEOPLE. By Dr. W. A. Vissert't Hooft. New York. World Council of Churches. 25¢. Reviewed in this issue.

FAITH AND EDUCATION. By George Arthur Buttrick. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. $2. Stating his belief that faith and education are not opposites "but that education must live within some faith," Dr. Buttrick examines present failures and offers restorative suggestions.

A FAITH FOR TOUGH TIMES. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75. Stressing that "it is the vital persons and the saving ideas which must be recognized, believed in, and served if the world as a whole is to be redeemed," Dr. Fosdick urges that Christians who believe in the gospel "proclaim it, live it, implement it, for humanity's hope depends upon it."

IN AN AGE OF REVOLUTION. By Cyril Garbett, Archbishop of York. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.50. Emphasizing the gravity of the current world crisis, Dr. Garbett examines the attitude of the Church of England toward movements and problems outside its own borders and presents a Christian answer to the crisis.

ISRAEL. By Norman Bentwich. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. Out of his long experience, Professor Bentwich gives a detailed account of the Republic's general condition and an analysis of its relation with the Jewish communities of the world.

THE LOST CHURCHES OF CHINA. By Leonard M. Outerbridge. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $3.50. Reviewed in this issue.

THE PAPACY: A NEW APPRAISAL. By John P. McKnight. New York: Rinehart & Co. $5. A former A.P. correspondent in Rome and personal acquaintance of Pius XII examines "the impact and influence of the Roman Church and her papacy, and especially of the present Pope, on our times," from a political rather than religious viewpoint.

THE QUAKER APPROACH TO CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS. Edited by John Kavanaugh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. A dozen essays by leading French, British and American Quakers on such vital issues as education, race relations, civil liberties, peace and war.

WITHIN OUR POWER: Perspective for a Time of Peril. By Raymond B. Fosdick. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75. Looking back at other crucial periods in history, Mr. Fosdick emphasizes that our civilization can survive if panic fears are conquered. "Not a Ford but a Gandhi represents what mankind is groping for."

THE CHRISTIAN DILEMMA: CATHOLIC CHURCH REFORMATION. By W. H. Van De Pol, D.D. Translation by G. Van Hall. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75. An examination and explanation of the divisions within modern Christian churches.

COMMUNION THROUGH PREACHING: THE MONSTRANCE OF THE GOSPEL. By Henry Sloane Coffin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. The President-emeritus of Union Theological Seminary offers suggestions "to help an average preacher to become both truer to the historic Self revelation of God in the Bible, and more relevant to the needs of our day."

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Elizabeth M. Lynskey, Ph.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2. Intended to "set all parties straight on the current confusion over Church-and-State," this is a "non-controversial outline of the structure of the Catholic Church from parish to Papacy."

History & Sources

ANCIENT JUDAISM. By Max Weber. Translated and edited by Hans H. Gerth and Don Martindale. Glencoe, Ill.: The Free Press. $6. As scholarly as Weber's "The Religion of China," this last volume of his sociology of religion represents decades of study of Mediterranean antiquity and the great world religions.

BLACK ROBES IN LOWER CALIFORNIA. By Peter Masten Dunne, S.J. Berkeley: University of California Press. $6.50. An authority on Jesuit history, the author tells the full story of the establishment of Jesuit missions in Lower California.

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: A PRELIMINARY SURVEY. By A. Dupont-Sommer. Translated by E. Margaret Rowley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50. A description of the widely-discussed Hebrew manuscripts, with photographs, and the author's view of their source and significance.

EARLY AMERICAN JEWRY: The Jews of New York, New England, and Canada, 1649-1794. By Jacob Rader Marcus. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. $3.50. Volume 1 of a two-volume history documented by unusual correspondence and illustrations.

FRIENDS FOR 300 YEARS. By Howard Brinton. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. Reviewed in this issue.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Paul Goodman. Revised and enlarged by Israel Cohen. Introduction by Dr. Abba Hillel Silver. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A compact, popular history of the Jewish people from Abraham to the present time in an American edition for student and layman.

A HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM: In Transsylvania, England, and America. By Earl Morse Wilbur. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $7.50. Dr. Wilbur completes his History of Unitarianism by tracing the movement from the middle of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth.

IN THIS NAME: The Doctrine of the Trinity in Contemporary Theology. By Claude Welch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. Beginning with the nineteenth century, Dr. Welch assesses the crucial changes in the discussion of this doctrine and analyzes the views of major Protestant and Roman Catholic thinkers.

ISRAEL AND PALESTINE: The History of an Idea. By Martin Buber. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75. Reviewed in this issue.

ISRAEL: The Establishment of a State. By Harry Sacher. New York: The British Book Centre. $5. A member of the Jerusalem bar details the political and diplomatic history of the State of Israel and the military history of the Jewish-Arab war and concludes with an analysis of many problems which face the people of Israel today.

LUTHER NOW. By Hanns Lilje. Translated by Carl J. Schindler. Philadelphia: Muhlenberg Press. $2.25. An interpretation of the significance of Luther and his work with a view to its guidance for the future, written by Bishop Lilje in a Nazi prison.

PORTRAITS ETCHED IN STONE: Early Jewish Settlers 1682-1832. By David de Sola Pool. New York: Columbia University Press. $10. Reviewed in this issue.

PRESBYTERIAN PANORAMA: 150 Years of National Missions History. By Clifford Merrill Drury, Ph.D. Philadelphia: Board of Christian Education, Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. $3.75. The colorful story of the National Missions based upon research into thousands of documents.

FAIRLY LENTEN READING

THE HIDDEN STREAM

by Msgr. Ronald Knox

Lectures given to the Catholic students at Oxford during the last few years. Msgr. Knox is always at his happiest and best with these young men to whose older brothers he was chaplain for so many years. The subjects range from what a modern agnostic can be expected to make of the classical proofs for the existence of God to a comparison of miracles and some of the odder events encountered in spiritualism. He is incredibly amusing, but never for the sake of getting a laugh and never with malice towards anyone. $3.00

SOCIETY AND SANITY

by F. J. Sheed

On the Christian view of man: his nature, aims and goal, and what principles should govern his actions in dealing with his fellows in marriage, the family, education, society and the state. $3.00

RECENT THOUGHT IN FOCUS

by Donald Nicholl

On the latest developments in the modern schools of philosophy—logical positivism, existentialism, phenomenology, Freudianism and the rest—and on the considerable amount of truth a Christian, not committed to any of them, can yet see in them all. $3.50

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THE QUAKER BEDSIDE BOOK. Compiled by Bernard Canter. Illustrations by Doris Canter. New York: David McKay Co. $3.50. An anthology of passages from great Quaker writings which present the essence of Quakerism, 1652-1952.

A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Salo Wittmayer Baron. New York: Columbia University Press. Volumes I & II. $12.50. Reviewed in this issue.

TRUTH: St. Thomas Aquinas. Translated from the definitive Leonine text by Robert W. Mulligan, S.J. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $7. Volume I containing Questions 1-9, in which St. Thomas discusses the general idea of truth and divine and angelic knowledge.

Sermons & Prayers

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PRAYER. By Albert Edward Day. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50. A famous Methodist pastor and author of seven books, Dr. Day offers spiritual guidance and illumination by recounting his own adventures and experience of prayer.

BEST SERMONS: 1951-1952 Edition. Edited by G. Paul Butler. New York: Macmillan Co. $3.75. Volume Five in the series containing fifty-two sermons selected from nearly 7,000 entries for their "homiletic value and their spiritual message for our time."

HIGH COUNTRY. By Alistair MacLean, B.D. Foreword by Henry Sloane Coffin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. A collection of "Studies of the Inner Life with some Interpretative Aids from Modern Literature" preached by a Scots Highlander to his parish, available for the first time in an American edition.

THE TEMPTATION TO BE GOOD: A Book of Unconventional Sermons. By A. Powell Davies. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $2.50. Dr. Davies, author of "Man's Vast Future" and a noted Washington, D. C., preacher, offers twenty-one sermons concerning "the quest of the individual for spiritual reality and authentic moral guidance."

TRIUMPHANT BELIEVING. By John Short. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. Twenty sermons by a noted Canadian minister designed as an antidote to present-day apathy and anxiety. Dr. Short underlines the belief that "our times provide a unique opportunity for Christian faith and practice."

Poetry & Fiction

ASPHALT AND DESIRE. By Frederic Morton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. The tale of a Jewish-American college girl in New York "as she batters her way through her family in the Bronx, through adventures as a job- and man-hunter, and through a love affair that leads to her maturity at the end of the book."

THE DEVIL THAT FAILED. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A clever and imaginative story about a young man who becomes a victim of "delayed giantism" and his adventures in a strange sanatorium.

IN THE MORNING LIGHT. By Charles Angoff. New York: Beechhurst Press. $4.50. The author continues his "tender re-creation of the life of a Jewish-American family in the Boston of the early 1900's."

JOACHIM OF BABYLON. By Marnix Gijsen. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $2. "The legend of Susanna and the elders gets a thorough and iconoclastic working over" in this witty story.

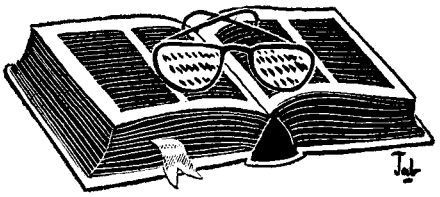
THE JUGGLER. By Michael Blankfort. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. A detective-mystery story about Israel and the adventures of a former Nazi captive who has lost his family.

THE LANDSMEN. By Peter Martin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A novel about life in the Jewish community of Golinsk, Russia, eighty years ago.

THESE YOUR CHILDREN. By Harold U. Ribalow. New York: Beechhurst Press. $4.50. An outstanding anthology of stories telling of Jewish life by American-Jewish writers Schulberg, Miller, Hecht, and others.

UNAMBO. By Max Brod. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Dramatizations of the ideological and military struggles involved in the creation of the state of Israel through the eyes of a film producer.

YISROEL: The First Jewish Omnibus. Edited by Joseph Leftwich. New York: Beechhurst Press. $6. Reviewed in this issue.



Reading for Lent & Passover

THE CRISIS IN THE LIFE OF JESUS. By E. F. Scott, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. Taking the incident of the Cleansing of the Temple as a crucial moment in the life of Jesus, Dr. Scott describes in detail exactly what happened, what led up to the event, and what followed.

THE GREAT JEWISH BOOKS and Their Influence on History. Edited by Samuel Caplan and Harold U. Ribalow. New York: Horizon Press. $3.75. "The essence of those masterworks of Jewish literature which have most decisively molded the life of the Jewish people" through the ages, presented in popular form by leading authorities.

THE IMMACULATE HEART: The True Story of the Lady of Fatima. By John De Marchi, I.M.C. Edited by William Fay. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. Father De Marchi's authoritative, unabridged account especially prepared for an English-speaking audience.

MIRACLES. By Jean Hellé. Translated by Lancelot C. Sheppard. New York: David McKay Co. $3.50. A discussion of the authenticity of modern miracles accepted by the Roman Catholic Church written for the general public, with a chapter devoted to imitators and fakers of miracles.

A NEW WAY OF THE CROSS. By Father M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. Illustrated by John Andrews. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. $3.75. Meditations and drawings of "the Passion and death of Christ depicting the fourteen stations."

SEA OF GLORY: The Magnificent Story of the Four Chaplains. By Francis Beauchesne Thornton. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3. The inspiring story of the lives of four men of God and how they died for their country aboard the torpedoed *Dorchester*.

A TREASURY OF JEWISH LETTERS: Letters from the Famous and the Humble. Edited by Franz Kobler. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. Two volumes, $9 per set. A comprehensive survey and selection of Jewish letter-writing. Volume I: Biblical Times to the Renaissance. Volume II: Renaissance to the Emancipation.

THE VIRGIN MARY. By Jean Guitton. Translated by A. Gordon Smith. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.75. In this extended essay the author stresses his theory that "the attitude adopted toward the Blessed Virgin is a sign by which to distinguish a really profound Catholic spirit."

WHAT IS THE INDEX? By Redmond A. Burke, C.S.V., Ph.D. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. $2.75. An explanation of the Catholic Church's position on literature, including a list of all books in the English language which are on the Index of Forbidden Books.

THE WORLD'S FIRST LOVE. By The Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. In his thirty-sixth book, Bishop Sheen tells the story of the Blessed Mother with a chapter devoted to "The Assumption and the Modern World." He asserts, "It is not the Russian people that must be conquered in war. . . . It is Communism that must be crushed. This can be done by a Revolution from within."

The Bible

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. Greenwich, Conn.: The Seabury Press. $5. A finely-bound, facsimile, two-color edition of the Standard Copy of 1928, together with The Psalter.

A BUDDHIST BIBLE. Edited by Dwight Goddard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6. A revised, enlarged edition of the Bible first published in 1932, for readers "who want the essential teachings of Buddha clearly and succinctly presented."

CRITICISM AND FAITH. By John Knox. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. $1.75. A leading New Testament scholar "explains the principles that underlie using the wealth of sound scholarly knowledge about the Bible for more creative interpretation—in personal devotion and in proclaiming the great event to others."

HOW TO KNOW THE BIBLE. By A. Victor Murray. Boston: Beacon Press. $3. A guide to the understanding and interpretation of the Bible and a historical discussion of how it developed as a single volume, by the president of Cheshunt [Theological] College in Cambridge, England.

THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE: A Commentary in Twelve Volumes. Commentary Editor, George Arthur Buttrick; Editor, Nolan B. Harmon. New York-Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. Volume 10. $8.75. Reviewed in this issue.

THE OLD TESTAMENT: Keystone of Human Culture. By William A. Irwin. New York: Henry Schuman. $4. Professor Irwin endeavors "to show the unrivaled place of the Bible in the ancient world, and to indicate its creative power all down the centuries, even into our own time when its influence is vaster than before."

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES OF THE JAPANESE. By Post Wheeler. New York: Henry Schuman. $10. A critical presentation of the sacred myths of the "Shinto" and complete translation of the two basic religious texts, the "Kojiki" and the "Nihongi." An interesting, readable narrative for layman and student.

Biography

THE FIRE OF FRANCIS XAVIER. By Arthur R. McGratty, S. J. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. $4. In relating his story of an Apostle, Father McGratty tells of the inspiration Francis received from Ignatius Loyola and later of his trials and experiences throughout the Orient.

MORDECAI M. KAPLAN: AN EVALUATION. Edited by Ira Eisenstein and Eugene Kohn. New York: Jewish Reconstructionist Foundation. $5. Fifteen essays by distinguished scholars in tribute to an outstanding modern Jewish philosopher.

Personal Testimony

ANNE FRANK: The Diary of a Young Girl. Translated by B. M. Mooyaert-Doubleday. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The personal account of the spiritual and intellectual development of a young Jewish martyr in hiding from the Nazis.

FROM CONFUCIUS TO CHRIST. By Paul K. T. Sih. New York: Sheed & Ward. $3. The spiritual autobiography of a Chinese scholar and his conversion to the Gospel of Christ. Dr. Sih expresses the belief that "we Chinese must take Confucius as our point of departure in order to arrive at Christ."

MY DEAR TIMOTHY: An Autobiographical Letter to His Grandson. By Victor Gollancz. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5. British publisher and moral crusader, Mr. Gollancz writes a penetrating and spiritual "letter" on religion, politics, and sexuality, adding a brief epilogue on his visits to America.

THIS I BELIEVE: The Living Philosophies of One Hundred Thoughtful Men and Women in All Walks of Life—As Written For and With a Foreword by Edward R. Murrow. Edited by Edward P. Morgan. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3. "A book for the home bedside and for the soldier's knapsack, for reading and for pondering" the spiritual significance of each statement.

Aids in Everyday Living

AT THE TURNING: Three Addresses on Judaism. By Martin Buber. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $1.50. Reviewed in this issue.

THE CATHOLIC WAY. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. Author of the recent "Saints for Our Times," Mr. Maynard reveals the essential qualities of Catholicism to which thousands are turning for spiritual security in an age of anxiety.

JUST FOR TODAY: A Christopher Thought for Every Day of the Year. By James Keller, M.M. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2. A distinguished member of The Christophers presents poignant true life stories highlighted with footnotes from the Bible.

THE POWER OF FAITH. By Louis Binstock. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3.95. A conversational, anecdotal discourse on "how men and women of all creeds can lead a happier, more harmonious life by learning to extend the power of their natural faith," by the rabbi of The Temple-on-the-Lake in Chicago.

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THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING. By Norman Vincent Peale. New York: Prentice-Hall. $2.95. Gift Edition, $3.95. Readers who found enjoyment and inspiration in the author's "A Guide to Confident Living" will find practical guidance in these methods "for living a successful life."

PSYCHIATRY AND CATHOLICISM. By James H. VanderVeldt, O.F.M., and Robert P. Odenwald, M.D. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $6. A straightforward study of a controversial subject and its many aspects in which the authors set out to disprove "modern attempts to integrate man in an as-if environment." Stress is made on the necessity for cooperation between priest, psychiatrist and social worker.

THE SINGLE WOMAN. By John Laurence. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50. A Catholic clergyman examines the many problems of the modern, unmarried woman, offering both logic and spiritual guidance toward a realistic approach to life.

YOUR OTHER VOCATION. By Elton Trueblood. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50. Pointing up the failure of the laity to assume responsibility for their church, Dr. Trueblood presents a blue-print for a Christian society with courses of study, reading lists, and many practical suggestions for laymen.

More Informal

CATHOLIC DIGEST READER. Selected by the editors of **Catholic Digest.** New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95. An anthology of articles which appeared in the magazine during the past fifteen years by a host of famed writers. Divided into three sections: "Religion at Its Source," "Religion at Work," and "Religion in Persons."

A CHANCE TO LIVE: The Story of the Lost Children of the War. By John P. Carroll-Abbing. Translated by Carol Della Chiesa. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3. The heartening story of the almost-forgotten children of Italy and the establishment of the now famous Boys' Republic.

GOD'S UNDERGROUND IN ASIA. By Gretta Palmer. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.75. The story of Communist indoctrination efforts and terrorism in Asia and the individuals and groups who resisted the Red war on religion.

GREAT PROTESTANT FESTIVALS. By Clarence Seidenspinner. New York: Henry Schuman. $2.50. A description of the various festivals and services of Protestant churches from the beginning of the parish year in September to the next summer's close.

A REPORTER IN SEARCH OF GOD. By Howard Whitman. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. An experienced journalist probes the beliefs of people of the major faiths and a few non-believers to obtain a cross-section of what "the American people thought about God."

STRANGE ALTARS. By Marcus Bach. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. First-hand account of Haiti and the secrets of Voodoo revealed to the author by American-born Stanley ("Doc") Reser, long identified with the mysteries of Voodoo lore.

WHAT AMERICANS BELIEVE AND HOW THEY WORSHIP. By J. Paul Williams. New York: Harper & Bros. $5. A handbook of religions in America by a noted educator, giving the reader a good look into the workings of all major religious bodies as well as the smaller and experimental groups.

Science & Philosophy

CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Dietrich Von Hildebrand. New York: David McKay Co. $6. Drawing upon examples of Christian morality selected from the Gospels, the writer inquires into the "notion of value considered as an objective and ultimate category of reality" and the roots of moral good and evil.

ECLIPSE OF GOD. By Martin Buber. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50. Reviewed in this issue.

THE ENIGMA OF THE HEREAFTER: The Re-incarnation of Souls. By Paul Siwek, Ph.D., D.D. New York: Philosophical Library. $3. Dr. Siwek explores the theory of the reincarnation of Souls and attempts to determine the scientific value of solutions offered by many scientists and religious thinkers.

EXISTENTIALISM AND HUMANISM: Three Essays. By Karl Jaspers. Edited by Hanns E. Fischer. Translated by E. B. Ashton. New York: Russell F. Moore Co. $3.50. The founder of the German Existentialist school explores the philosophy of existence as a new humanism concluding with the credo that "The future lies in the present of every individual." J. M. GRANT.

THE PRICE GOES UP

(*Continued from page 23*)

ion the only salvation of the book business was to close the gaps between hard-cover originals and paper-cover reprints—the gaps in both prices and markets."

"He did, eh?" asked Hardbound sourly. "And did he say just who was to manage it? Gaps don't close easily, you know. A man can get hurt badly fooling around with them."

"Maybe so. But you can't go on raising prices forever when such well-known people are talking like that."

"No one said we were going on raising prices forever. But we *are* going to make a slight increase in the price of 'Alone,' and we're going to do it *now*."

"O.K., the price will be $4. But it won't help—not if the customers walk out of the stores."

"Oh, nonsense! Customers won't walk out. They're used to paying higher prices every day for all sorts of other things. Why not for books?"

"Well, I've talked to Jim Goodservice about it and he's one of the keenest booksellers in the business. He says $4 would make a whale of a psychological difference on a book like 'Alone.' He says his customers definitely resent price increases for best sellers."

"How in God's name would his customers know that the price was upped a quarter? They're not comparative shoppers like those snooping fellows sent out by Macy's and Gimbel's."

"Oh, it's not the new customers—it's the old ones who know the old price. It's the fellow who reads a book and likes it and then stops back in to buy copies for his friends. Jim says he's the one who resents a higher price and often walks out without buying."

"Not even for his friends?" asked Hardbound.

"It's easy to be funny," said Puffer, visibly hurt, "but you've got to face the fact that books are different; they're a luxury that people can take or leave. They're just like jewelry and furs these days. I've got a friend in the fur business—Sam Stole, you've met him. Well, Sam says furs are positively a drug on the market these days."

"Yes, of course I know your friend Stole, and I'd say he's not starving. What kind of car does he drive?"

"A Cadillac."

"And what kind do you drive?"

Puffer was even more deeply hurt.

"You don't have to rub it in. There's a little difference between Sam and me. His two boys are already in his

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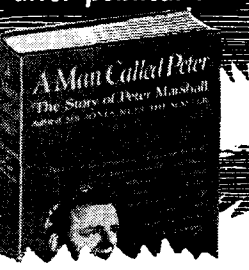

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business with him. I'm sending mine to college so they can learn to read and write. Some day they may want to be publishers, you know."

"Yes, I know." Hardbound nodded, moving to the door. "And if they do," he added with deep feeling, "I hope they'll learn to figure, too."

THAT parting shot at Puffer disturbed Hardbound all afternoon. Try as he might, he could not excuse himself and he became more and more conscience-stricken as the day wore on.

Just before five, he sent his secretary to find Puffer. A couple of social drinks together would be the proper way to end the day. But Puffer was gone; he had left early, was stopping by their agency's office to take a final look at copy for a major space ad that had to be approved by 5:30 that night.

Well, anyhow, he'd have a drink by himself in his favorite bar down the avenue. Maybe he could restore a little of the holiday spirit before he took the train home to Connecticut.

As usual the first drink made Hardbound feel much better about everything. So he decided to have another and not try for the 5:27.

He drank the second drink as a silent but heartfelt toast to a happy and prosperous New Year for Paul Puffer and his lovely wife and those two wonderful sons in college. Then he decided to have still another as a toast to all his other associates and friends in the book business. What fine people, and what a wonderful, screwy business! Though a little early, here's a prosperous New Year to all of them! Yes, a pre-prosperous New Year to all—to everyone in the book business, including myself. God knows all of us can stand it!

A pre-prosperous New Year? Say, that was pretty good! Almost good enough, maybe, for one of those radio gag writers. Or, more likely, bad enough! Anyhow, he, Horace Hardbound, from the depth of his soul wished the whole damned book industry a pre-prosperous New Year! Including all such dreamy characters as Bob Breastbeater, Fred Floater, and Jim Goodservice, for they more than others seemed to need someone to wish prosperity for them.

Hardbound's eye caught the clock over the bar, and he hurriedly paid his check and slid out into the rainy night. Then he started at a steady jog down Madison Avenue towards Grand Central Station, hoping to catch the 6:02, but knowing that all the seats would be taken in the holiday rush and he probably would have to stand all the way to Greenwich. But he was not sorry he had stopped so long in the bar.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 987

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. U.S. lieutenant general, commanding Hawaiian dept., at time of Pearl Harbor.	43 152 190 170 27
B. In motion.	23 184 50 2 118
C. Immature.	45 102 11 138 59 6
D. She sold out her lover for eleven hundred pieces of silver.	28 81 75 106 4 109 122
E. Province of Portugal where Lisbon is.	46 26 35 110 95 14 169 191 51 166 176
F. The sumacs.	97 61 165 30
G. One boy's profession.	47 182 189 76 86 158 144 9 32
H. A great "Empire" in three continents, 13th cent. into the 20th.	137 92 150 156 127 162 88
I. What Homer did to the disappointment of Horace.	63 72 115 146 108 136
J. Describing the Gulf Stream or Japan Current.	154 62 139 135 143 64 98 13 173 85 164
K. Last Inca king of Peru, strangled by Pizarro's orders.	67 151 113 131 119 15 3 163 96
L. A kind of serpentine braid.	103 8 161 177 34 149 18 157
M. Surname, fine Amer. landscapists, father and son.	179 90 121 153 94 174
N. Two-word name for small African lemur in Word Q.	71 42 52 31 80 19 21 49

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. One of the things we are forbidden to do in the second of the Ten Commandments (2 wds.).	41 142 105 89 55 58 133
P. Cover with a hard coat.	187 39 1 116 84 82 129
Q. Onomatopoetic name for Word N (comp.).	171 140 53 112 68 117
R. Atomic position of potassium.	145 185 175 91 57 125 167 180 7 148
S. Given name of men in Word V.	141 99 100 124 159 77
T. Title at the top of left-hand pages in many books.	186 56 37 20 29 12 10
U. Exclusive club in Palm Beach, planned as servicemen's convalescent home.	126 101 36 120 83 16 87 168 5 48
V. Surname, English contemporaries, one a pupil of Mozart and organist of St. Paul's; the other, organizer of Political Union for reform of franchise.	132 74 78 188 155 69 107
W. One of the squares of a tartan.	160 111 54 60
X. Particularizing the Acts prescribing the Book of Common Prayer for the whole Ch. of Eng. and Ireland.	79 114 44 70 123 66 24 38 147 130
Y. How Bing has presented some old operas at the Met.	65 22 93 181 104 40 178 134
Z. Often called the papyrus of modern times.	183 17 128 33 172 73 25

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	1 P	2 B	3 K	4 D	5 U	6 C	7 R	8 L	9 G	10 T	■	11 C	12 T	13 J	14 E
15. K	16 U	17 Z	■	18 L	19 N	20 T	■	21 N	22 Y	■	23 B	■	24 X	25 Z	26 E	27 A
■	28 D	29 T	30 F	31 N	32 G	33 Z	34 L	35 E	36 U	37 T	38 X	39 P	40 Y	■	41 O	42 N
43 A	44 X	45 C	46 E	47 G	48 U	■	49 N	50 B	51 E	■	52 N	53 Q	54 W	■	55 O	56 T
57 R	■	58 O	59 C	60 W	61 F	■	62 J	63 I	■	64 J	65 Y	66 X	67 K	68 Q	■	69 V
70 X	■	71 N	72 I	73 Z	74 V	75 D	76 G	77 S	■	78 V	79 X	80 N	81 D	82 P	■	83 U
84 P	85 J	86 G	■	87 U	88 H	89 O	■	90 M	91 R	92 H	93 Y	■	94 M	95 E	96 K	97 F
98 J	99 S	■	100 S	101 U	102 C	103 L	■	104 Y	■	105 O	106 D	107 V	108 I	■	109 D	110 E
111 W	112 Q	■	113 K	114 X	115 I	■	116 P	117 Q	118 B	119 K	120 U	121 M	■	122 D	123 X	124 S
125 R	■	126 U	127 H	128 Z	129 P	130 X	—	131 K	132 V	133 O	134 Y	135 J	136 I	■	137 H	138 C
139 J	140 Q	■	141 S	142 O	■	143 J	144 G	145 R	146 I	■	147 X	148 R	149 L	150 H	■	151 K
152 A	153 M	■	154 J	155 V	156 H	157 L	■	158 G	159 S	160 W	■	161 L	162 H	163 K	164 J	165 F
166 E	167 R	168 U	■	169 E	■	170 A	171 Q	172 Z	173 J	■	174 M	175 R	176 E	177 L	178 Y	■
179 M	180 R	■	181 Y	182 G	183 Z	■	184 B	185 R	186 T	187 P	188 V	189 G	190 A	191 E	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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